

Australian

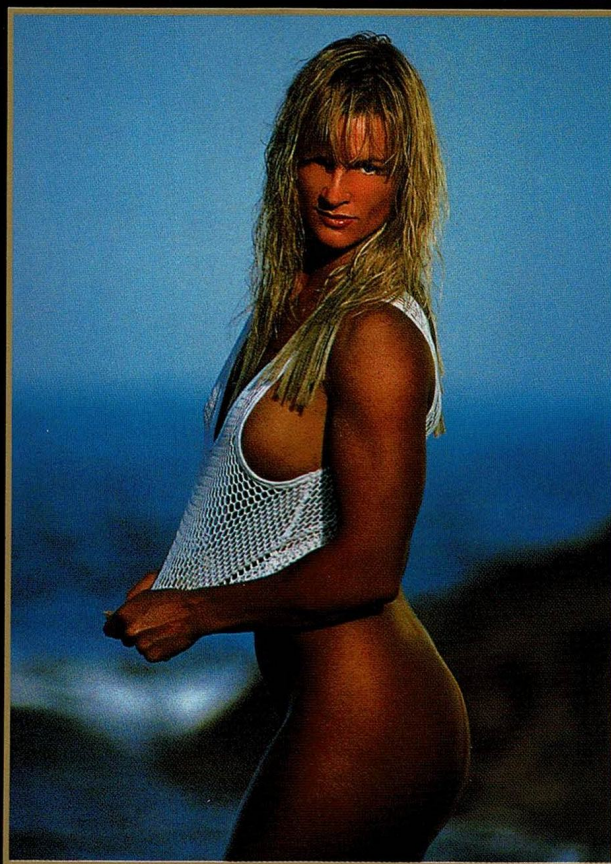
PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



MISS AUSTRALIA BODY BUILDER NUDE !

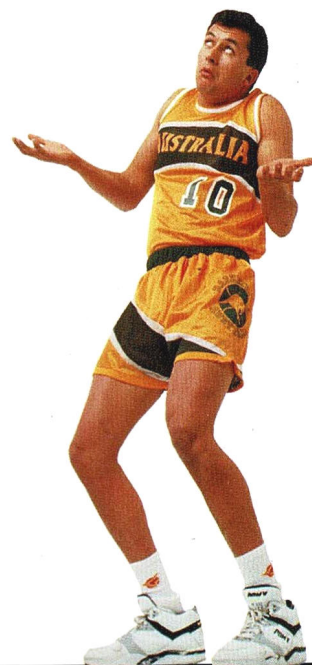
Tow Trucks

Tall tales from the road

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

“If you drink too much
you don't look clever,
you just look small.”

ANDREW GAZE



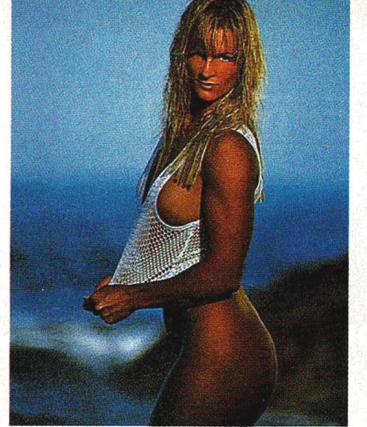
DSI 17268

If you're drinking, keep thinking
MODERATION

— THE —
**ALCOHOL
INDUSTRY**

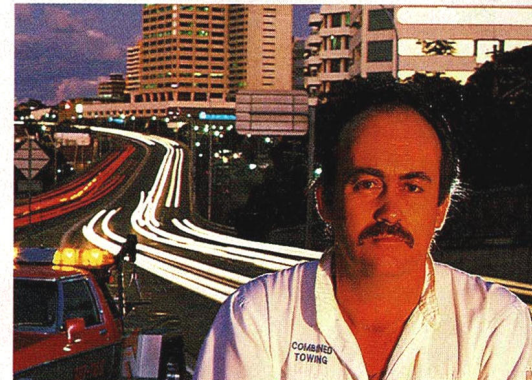
Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Men's Magazine / Vol 13 No 10 / October 1992 Black Label Edition



Cover by Adam Watson

FEEDBACK	Reader Opinion	4
FORUM	Correspondence	7
MODERN MAN	Comment	Mark Abernethy 11
FOOD	Article	Elisabeth King 15
ADVENTURE	Article	Adrian Von Friedberg 16
MONEY	Comment	David Quicksilver 18
MOTORING	Article	Peter McKay 20
GAMES	Reviews	Trish Murphy 22
STATE OF THE ART	Service	Paul Burrows 24
SOUNDS	Reviews	Jeremy Cook 26
FILM	Reviews	C.J. Mackay 28
ADVISOR	Counsel	30
STEPHANIE	Pictorial	Hank Londoner 32a
CELEBRITY SKINS	Satire	Frants Kantor 33
CRASH CULTURE	Article	Mark Abernethy 34
TRACY	Pictorial	Stephen Hicks 42
ACTION MAN	Profile	Lawrence Linderman 50
CAMILLE	Pictorial	Stephen Hicks 55
THE BIG CHILL	Humour	Jean Norman 66
CHRIS AND FRANK	Pictorial	Suze Randall 70
VANDA	Pictorial	Bambi 70
NIGHTLIFE	Article	Barry Schwantz 78
ALISON	Pictorial	Adam Watson 83
JAMIE	Pictorial	Daniel Mayor 96a
NICOLE	Pictorial	Jack Harrison 98
LINGERIE BUYERS' GUIDE	Pictorial/service	Adam Watson 109
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Todd Cole 126



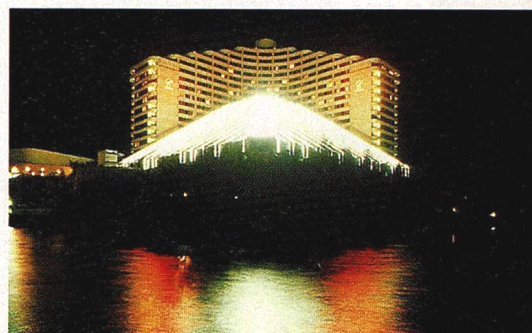
Crash Culture



Action Man



The Big Chill



Nightlife

Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: Gem Kilt Publishing Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright (c) Universal Copyright Co. (1991). Portions reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Ltd, original copyright (1991). Penthouse, Pets, One-Key Logo, and Three-Key Logo are trademarks of Penthouse and are used by permission. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655

HEADWAY

DESIGNED TO FIT

DESIGN

INTELLIGENCE

FIT

LOOK

BALANCE

COMFORT

LIGHT

WIND

HAIR

CYCLE

HEADWAY

FREEDOM

HEADWAY HELMETS NOT FOR EVERYONE
FROM DEPARTMENT STORES & TOP CYCLE SHOPS. TEL: 02 997 2733

SEPTEMBER



EDITOR

Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Tim Donnellan; Senior Editor: Todd Cole; Senior Staff Writer: Mark Abernethy; Assistant Art Directors: Nikki Brady, Duncan Colvin; Production Manager: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Promotions Manager: Belinda Blake; Contributing Editors: Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142, Fax: (03) 272 8302; Qld: Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6444 Fax: (07) 202 7133; New Zealand: David Meyer, Rugby Press Ltd, PO Box 100-243, North Shore Mail Centre, Auckland 10. Tel: (09) 443 0250. Fax: (09) 443 0249; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 3666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Stephens Innocent, Columbia House, 69 Aldwych, London WC2B 4DU England. Edited by Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677.

Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Gem Kilt Publishing Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677, Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman and Chief Executive Officer); Kathy Keeton (Vice-Chairman); David J. Myerson (President and Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); William F. Marlieb (President, Marketing & Adv. Sales); John Evans (President/Foreign Editions).

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; Sr VP/Graphics Director: Frank De Vito; VP/Art Director Intl: Joe Brooks; Art Director: Richard Bleiweiss; Editor: Peter Bloch; Managing Editor: Barbara Rice.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Sr VP/Production Director: John Evans; Sr VP Associate Publisher: Don Myrus; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303 Tel: (818) 992-4777.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; Germany: Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tlhuaca DF 02400; South Africa: Essay Media (Pty) Ltd, PO Box 52234, Saxonwold 2132; Spain: Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; UK: Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW

housecall



MARK ABERNETHY

CRASH CULTURE

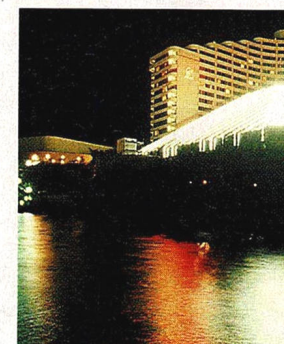
In a 12-year photographic career, **Graham Monro** has taken shots of just about everything for *Australian Penthouse* — from submarines and centrefolds to jet fighters and ice hockey players. This month he turns his lens to the much-maligned Sydney tow truck drivers in a story where the towies finally have their say. See his photos, with words by **Mark Abernethy**, on page 34.

THE BIG CHILL

Humourist **Jean Norman** has the kiss of death. Two New Zealand newspapers she worked on subsequently closed down, and Sydney magazine, *The Edge*, folded shortly after she started working there. But regardless of the trail of publications she has left in her wake, she has managed to keep her current relationship intact with the secret formula she describes as "sex and violence." Turn to page 66 for Jean's personal guide to the cornerstone of all successful relationships — the domestic dispute. **Eric Lobbbecke** drew the pictures.



JEAN NORMAN

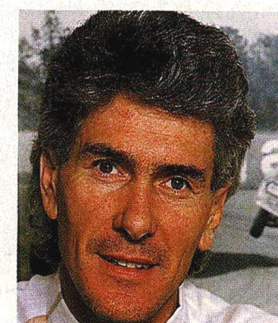


CASINO BLUES

In the latest instalment of our Nightlife series, we head off to the Gold Coast for a night in Jupiter's Casino with professional blackjack player **Mike Mansfield**. While most people lose at the blackjack tables, Mike has a system of counting cards that means he usually wins. In his first story for *Penthouse*, Sydney journo **Barry Schwantz** follows the highs and lows that make up 30 hours in the crazy world of the professional gambler. Turn to page 78.

MISSING THE MARQUE

The Eighties were cruel to the prestige car marque of Porsche. At the start of the decade, the German performance machine was the car for the refined man of taste. By the end of the Eighties, the famous marque was losing sales and had gained the reputation of being driven by debt-burdened yuppie wankers. On page 20 self-confessed Porsche lover and *Penthouse* motoring editor **Peter McKay** reports on Porsche's waning fortunes.



PETER MCKAY



ALISON EYRE

TIME OUT

Alison Eyre spent ten years of sweat and pain turning her body into a thing of beauty. With a full-time training regime that destroyed any social life, Alison went from an overweight teenager to become Miss Australia Body Builder twice in succession. But the Sydneysider tired of the taunts about her muscularity and wanted to show the sexy side of women bodybuilders. On page 83, photographer **Adam Watson** captures the lovely Alison at Sydney's Palm Beach.

feedback

Real Life

As an avid reader of your magazine for many years, I would like to congratulate your staff for consistently producing a top-quality magazine.

When you introduced the "couples" pictorials you caught the interest of my wife. As a result it has rekindled aspects of our marriage which were flagging for years. For that I thank you.

One thing we both thought would be an exciting new inclusion in your magazine would be pictures in more natural settings. For example, topless barmaids, sporting teams, clubs or nudist organisations. Pictorials featuring real people in real settings would be very exciting and revolutionary — qualities your magazine has always been known for.

Any consideration you might give to this concept would be greatly appreciated. Thank you — *PH Pascoe, East Kew, Vic*

Wrestling Pet

Besides being a subscriber to Black Label Penthouse, I also get the State edition. In the June State edition there appeared a pictorial of Savannah Lee under the title "Wrestling Pet." The accompanying editorial gave her height as six foot one, and her stats as 42-24-34. This is a lot of woman! Why didn't she appear (in all her glory and with more revealing shots) in the Black Label edition?

She is such a fantastic woman and the type that I go ape about. I wondered if, in the near future, you would possibly do a more revealing pictorial in the Black Label edition? Savannah takes my breath away. Please do a Pet Of The Month spread on her and you'll make one Queensland guy very happy indeed. Congratulations and keep up the good work. — *Name and address withheld*

Savannah Lee will appear, in more explicit detail, in an upcoming edition of Girls Of Penthouse, so keep an eye out for her. — *Ed*

Double Dutch

Thank you for your interesting and informative second edition of my current



Savannah Lee — a lot of woman!

subscription. It is surely a neat way to keep informed, entertained and certainly excited. Suffice to say that the damsels are beyond my limited praise.

There is an enquiry, though, concerning the brilliant and masterful piece on skunk production in Holland. I've got to get to Holland, but I thought perhaps that some further resource material was needed concerning both cultivation and seeds. The closest I could get to a mail-order was the homegrown Phantasy place which sells both seeds and paraphernalia. Is an address available?

Also, as a matter of personal interest, don't you think the introduction of erotic cartoons are stimulating and educational? Isn't that a plus for Playboy magazine? I'm sure most of us have been weaned on cartoons and it gives us comfort. Once again, thanks for a great mag. — *John D, Whyalla Norrie, SA*

The story as it was sent to us did not include addresses of places such as Phantasy. However, even if it did we couldn't publish it, as the importation of any part of this particular plant is still illegal in Australia. — Ed

Bouncy ounces

As a reader of Penthouse since its first publication in America, I put it to you that while the models used are certainly attractive, they do not reflect the average Australian woman or the preference of the average Oz male.

The average woman is well-rounded,

bouncy and cuddlesome, with a bounce in every ounce. I would like to see more rounded, bouncy models included. You must break the repetitiveness to arouse reader interest.

As a lad at high school, my girlfriend had four boobs — not very big, but beautiful (it ran in her family, her brother had four nipples). I learned years later that this is not unusual. In fact, we recently saw a video of a dancer in the US with four. She looked great. Why not variety like this occasionally?

I will bet you a subscription that if you do a centrefold of an attractive hermaphrodite you will have a total sell-out, because people are very sexually inquisitive.

What about attractive models from other races, including tribal people?

Also, how about, at a fee, single-page pinups of any of the published pictures and a page each edition dealing with strange and odd stories from the world of UFOs, science, discoveries, inventions etc. — *GJ May, Tyalgum, NSW*

Fantasy fall-out

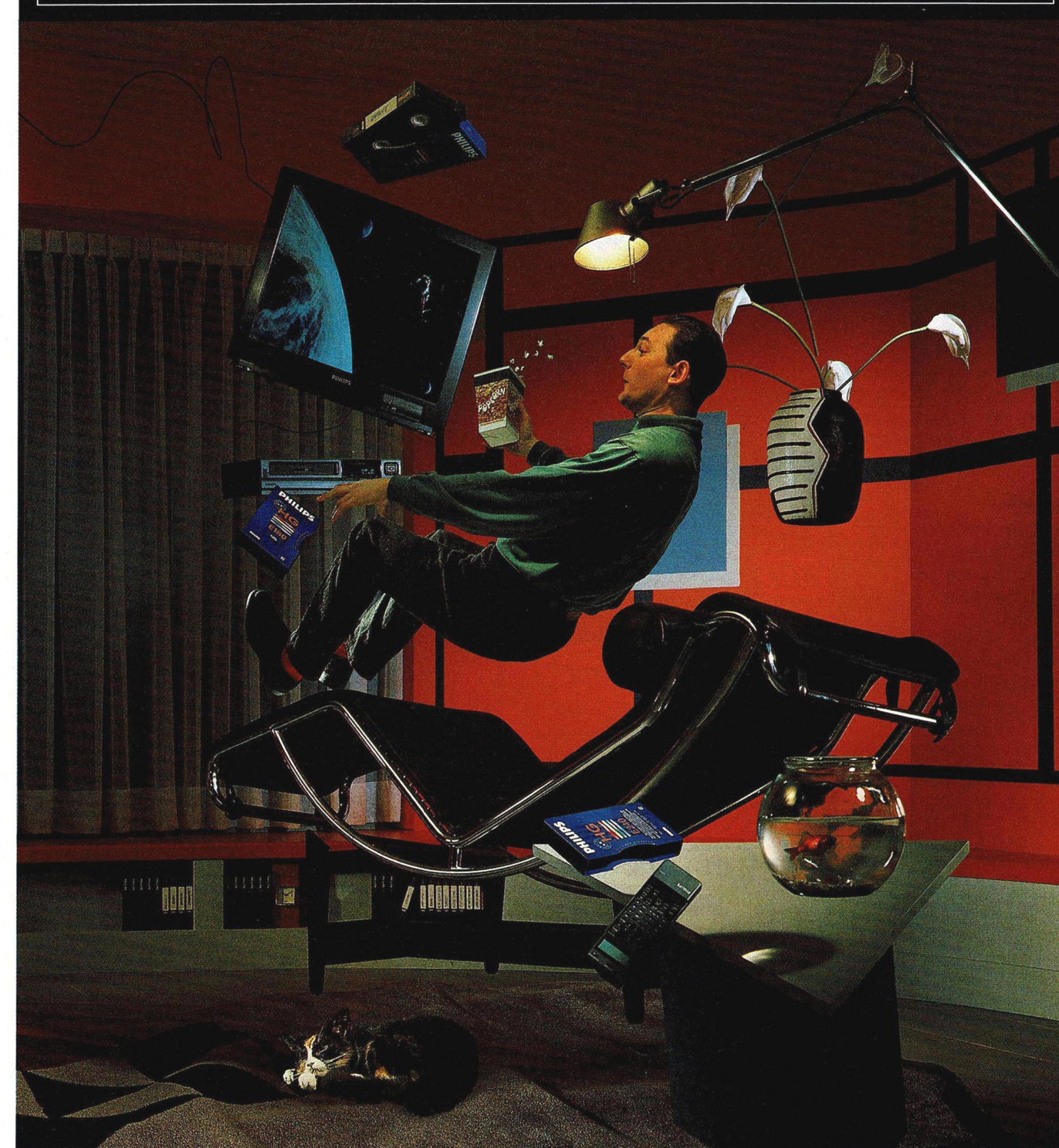
What a disappointment your June 1992 edition was. After all the build-up, you finally revealed the Pet Of The Year, and what a wonderful choice for this honour. Sue-Ellen is magnificent.

But what an insult merely to reprint a few shots from her original layout ... even Auntie Playboy devotes a special spread to its Playmate Of The Year. Can't you do the same?

Finally, we are sick of the preoccupation with flimsy lace, garters, high heels, etc. Sure, there is a place for all this and sure, it is sexy. But in moderation! We are sure other readers would agree that girls sunning themselves in stockings and heels is a bit silly. Almost all of your really top girls have been photographed in natural, realistic settings. That may include garters and bustiers, but if we want to screw on the beach we will probably be wearing jeans, shorts or togs.

Come on, fellas! Don't get carried away with the fantasy. Real sex can be fun too! — *John and Karen Mason, Lake Wanaka, New Zealand*

ANTI-GRAVITY



Have you ever become so carried away with a programme that you thought that you were a part of the show? With Philips video tapes this is quite normal. Philips video tapes deliver natural colour and sound time after time to make you part of the action. So...

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WATCH ON PHILIPS VIDEO TAPES. TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

Available from selected Kmart, Woolworths, Harris Scarfe, Radio Rentals South Australia Retail Stores and David Jones.

PHILIPS

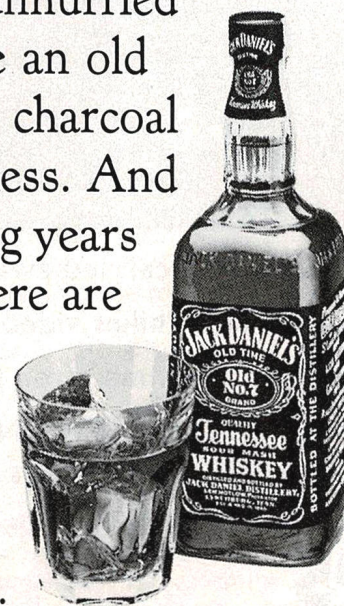




We hope you'll find time to visit our distillery someday. We're right here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

YOU CAN TELL a lot about Jack Daniel's Whiskey from the sign on our front gate.

Visitors to the Hollow always comment on this sign and especially our quiet, unhurried way of life. You see, we make an old time whiskey here, slowly charcoal mellowed to sippin' smoothness. And we age it slowly, too, over long years and changing seasons. Yes, there are faster ways to make whiskey. Many distillers employ them. But once you compare Jack Daniel's, you'll understand our reluctance to pick up the pace.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Ice-creaming

I had met Karen on the Gold Coast at a business convention and we got on famously. So when she invited me to spend the weekend with her I figured I was in for sure.

When I arrived at Karen's flat she was still at work, but her roommate, Susan, was home. She invited me in for a drink. While we talked I noticed that she had unbuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse, exposing the tops of her large, pendulous breasts. She crossed and uncrossed her slim legs, giving me a glimpse of her black panties. When she poured me another drink, she revealed her silky black bra.

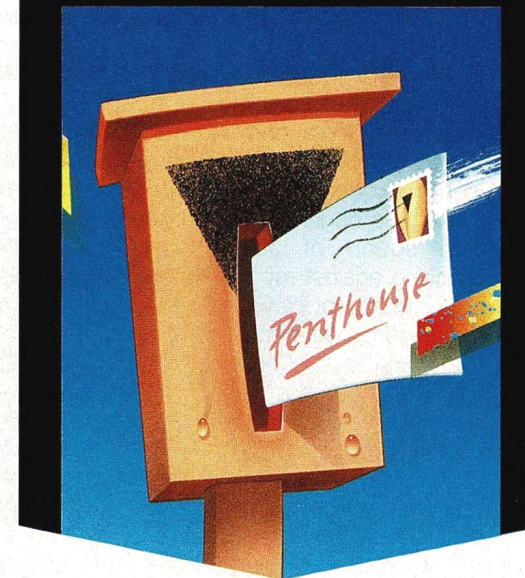
Susan told me that Karen was a tease, and there was a good chance that I would have a very frustrating evening. A few minutes later Karen arrived, and we said goodbye to Susan and went to dinner at a small romantic Italian restaurant. Karen talked about how important long-term commitment was to her. That was not exactly what I was looking for, but I just smiled and nodded my head.

When we returned to the apartment, Susan was watching television but quickly covered herself. Karen and I folded the living room couch out into a bed. We started to kiss passionately and I fondled her small breasts through her blouse. I was getting real hot from all this heavy petting, and was ready for more when Karen stood up and declared that she was not easy and wanted a long-term relationship, not just a one-night stand. I tried to reason with her but she stormed off to her room.

There I was, lying on the bed with the worst case of blue balls I'd ever had, when Susan came walking in. She said she was hungry, and went to the kitchen for a ice-cream. She strolled out seductively sucking and licking an ice-cream bar like it was a cock.

Some of the ice-cream dripped on to her bathrobe over her right breast. She asked if I would be kind enough to get a wet washcloth and try to get the chocolate stain out.

Returning from the kitchen, I noticed she had parted her robe, exposing the



forum

top of her luscious tits, restrained in a black nightie. As I rubbed the stain out, I could feel her nipple harden under my hand. She thanked me for a job well done and leaned further over, exposing her voluptuous breasts and offering me a lick of her ice-cream. A large piece dripped on to my bulging jeans. She neglected the stain and proceeded to rub my cock through my jeans.

At this point her robe was completely open and her breasts were straining to be released from the nightie. She asked whether Karen had given me a case of blue balls. When I nodded yes, she told me she would love to help me out. Unsnapping my jeans, she slid her hand along my belly until she reached my throbbing balls. She freed my cock and gently stroked it a few times. Then she placed a dab of cold ice-cream on my cock and started licking it.

She encircled the head of my dick with her tongue, and then licked and sucked the shaft, smearing ice-cream on it between long sucks. The sensation of the cold ice-cream followed by her warm mouth caused my hips to move and I could feel that I was getting ready to blow my wad. She stopped and purred: "Not yet sweetie."

Slipping out of her nightie and panties, she gave me a chance to strip the rest of my clothes off. She asked me to lie flat on my back and assured me that she would take care of my blue

balls. Standing up on the bed, she moved into a position so she was standing directly over my cock. She squatted, lowering her dripping cunt toward my stiff rod. As soon as the tip of my cock entered her pussy, she paused and squeezed the head between the lips of her cunt. Slowly she lowered herself until my cock was buried and she began moving up and down on my shaft.

She increased her rhythm as her cunt milked my cock with a squeezing sensation. My toes started to tingle and the feeling raced up my legs to my balls. She reached down behind her arse and started to stroke them, causing me to fire my

load into her with tremendous force. Her entire body shook with her orgasm as she gasped for air. We collapsed in a sweaty heap, and when I awoke she was gone.

Later that same night, as I was walking to the bathroom, I heard some moaning and groaning from Karen's room. Apparently Susan was also taking care of her. — *Name and address withheld*

Summer love

One beautiful day last summer a group of friends and I went to play volleyball in the local park. We divided up into four teams and I was lucky enough to be paired with Jennifer, a true glamour girl with a body that makes guys drool. We started out strong, winning our first two matches before taking a break.

Walking over to the edge of the woods where our stuff was, I couldn't help but admire Jenny's taut body, clad only in a pair of running shorts and a bikini top. Breaking the silence, she said: "Boy those matches get me hot."

"That's for sure," I said sitting up. My mouth dropped as I looked over at her. She was sitting cross-legged and her jogging shorts were pulled away to expose her naked cunt. Dragging my eyes from the incredible view, I looked up into her twinkling eyes as she

forum

watched me blush. As my gaze went back to her crotch I could feel my cock harden in my shorts and, hearing her giggle, I looked back up at her smiling face. "Do you like what you see?" she asked. I nodded.

"Would you like to see more?"

I nodded my head again and she slid her bikini top up exposing her tanned tits with dark-brown nipples to my lustful gaze. Then she reached down and pulled the leg of her shorts aside, giving me a full view of her pussy. She had trimmed it so the plump lips were bare and I could see beads of juice forming on them like dew. Unable to restrain myself, I dived face-first into her crotch, licking the juice off her lips before darting my tongue deep into the folds of her pussy. She humped her cunt against my face, moaning when I slithered my tongue against her clit.

"Oh yes, eat my cunt," she moaned. I was aware of the sounds of the others playing 50m away and although we were out of their line of sight, I realised they could come by at any time.

She lifted my head from her crotch and pushed me on to my back. Pulling my shorts to my knees she grabbed my cock in her hands and started

planting wet kisses all over its swollen head. Opening her mouth she slowly engulfed my prick, tickling my balls with one hand as her tongue danced around the shaft. Sitting up, she looked at me with hungry eyes and demanded: "I want you."

She had no sooner said that than she was straddling me, rubbing the head against her dripping hole before crunching down, taking my entire cock up her exquisite twat in one smooth stroke. We began fucking urgently, the lewd sound of Jenny's wet cunt smacking against my crotch punctuated by our grunts of pleasure.

As we drove each other toward a shattering climax, I held her tits, pawing her hard nipples as she tweaked her clit. I could feel my orgasm approaching, rushing through my bloated balls like a tidal wave. With a groan I arched my back as I crammed my dick high into Jenny's cunt, pumping spurt after spurt of hot come into her steamy depths. Feeling my dick swell as I climaxed triggered her own climax and with each spasm, her tight cunt milked my spent dick of every last drop of come.

Rolling off of me, Jenny looked over with a grin. She replaced her top and stood up, smoothing her shorts while I watched our combined juices trickle down her smooth thighs.

"I think we're up next. And if we win, we'll have another celebration," she promised. I pulled my shorts up and followed her swaying arse to the court. This was going to be an interesting summer.— *Name and address withheld*

Photo buff

I started working for a new company about three months ago and was learning my way around when I passed an absolute goddess in the hall. My glimpse only lasted a minute, but her beauty was burned into my brain for a lifetime. Finally, with a bit of scheming, I did get to meet her.

Over the next two months, Janice and I talked periodically. One day we were talking about hobbies and I mentioned that I loved photography. I decided to take a gamble. I told her that I would really like to take some photos of her. She looked at me slyly and asked: "What type of photos?" I assured her it would be a straight shoot. She agreed and as she left the coffee room, I could of sworn she said "pity."

Anyway, she stopped by my apartment after work the next day. She said she'd brought the clothes she wanted to be photographed in, and promptly disappeared into my bedroom to get changed.

About five minutes later she reappeared in her first outfit — leather skirt and a blouse. I fired off the first reel and very slowly Janice became less and less inhibited. By this time I was losing my mind and decided to go for it. I asked her if she would mind some revealing shots and with a broad smile she said: "Of course not."

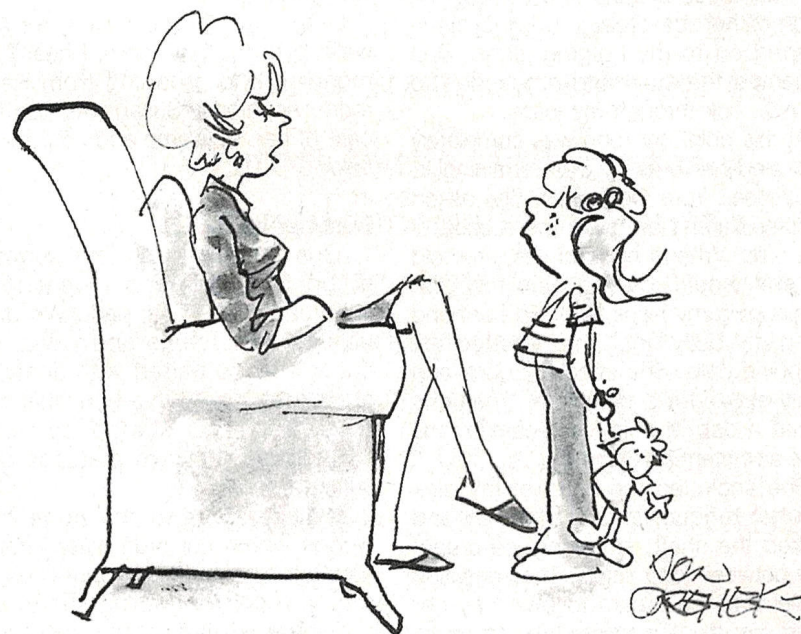
The next shots were really hot. She opened her blouse, revealing the top of her breasts. She even hiked her skirt up to show the top of her thigh. I was so turned on. Then she turned the tables.

"Your turn," she demanded. With that she snatched the camera away from me and began to take shots of me as I dived for cover. She was laughing and being really cynical. "Come on baby, show some leg," she was saying.

"Piss off. Keep away from me," I demanded.

"See what it feels like," she said between giggles. She squatted down to shoot some shots from below and I could see her delightfully naked pussy under her leather skirt. I decided to play her game and follow her instructions. "Take it off, let's see some muscle."

I must admit the many hours at the gym had given me a fine physique, so when I removed my shirt and trousers Janice gasped and stared for a second then quickly returned to



"...and then one wonderful, magical day, Mr. Right did come along, but I was already married to your father."

continued on page 120



FRONT

WOMEN WEAR THE PANTS

A woman's right to choose means she chooses what you wear

Women took a good 20 years to impress upon the rest of us that females had a right to choose how to live their lives. And fair enough too. The Modern Man has little trouble with this idea.

With the equality battle now over, the Nineties Chick can run for office, bare claws in a corporate

At the Modern Man desk we have heard too many tales of female bossiness, bullying, intimidation and plain thuggery in the wardrobe for the issue to remain closeted any longer...

Underwear

It's a well-documented fact that only four percent of the male population between the ages of 15 and 49 finds boxer shorts acceptably comfortable. Why, then, did boxer shorts crash in a wave of popularity into the top drawers of men's tallboys the country over during the mid-Eighties? It had nothing to do with what men were buying. It was more to do with the not-surprising statistic that of every ten pairs of male undies bought, seven are purchased by women. Get the idea?

And that's all it takes — a couple of fantasy men in glossy

magazine advertisements wearing those crisp cotton boxers, and it's "goodnight Irene" as far as any woman in one's life is concerned.

The next thing you know, the Modern Man is being bombarded with boxer shorts for Christmas, birthday, anniversaries and Ramadan.

A normal, happening bloke with more than one sister, a couple of girlfriends and a mother can find himself under a boxer avalanche several times a year. Never mind that, due to simple anatomical problems, the boxers are uncomfortable to the point of pain. To no avail. This only makes women more determined to have you wear the infernal things. You may be at the pub, the footy or a wedding but it won't stop a sister pulling the waistband of your treads and getting a little prickly when she sees the shorts are not being

**"Boxer shorts
are the most
stupid piece of
clothing to ever
go on sale..."**

take-over, root like a mad thing and dance till dawn.

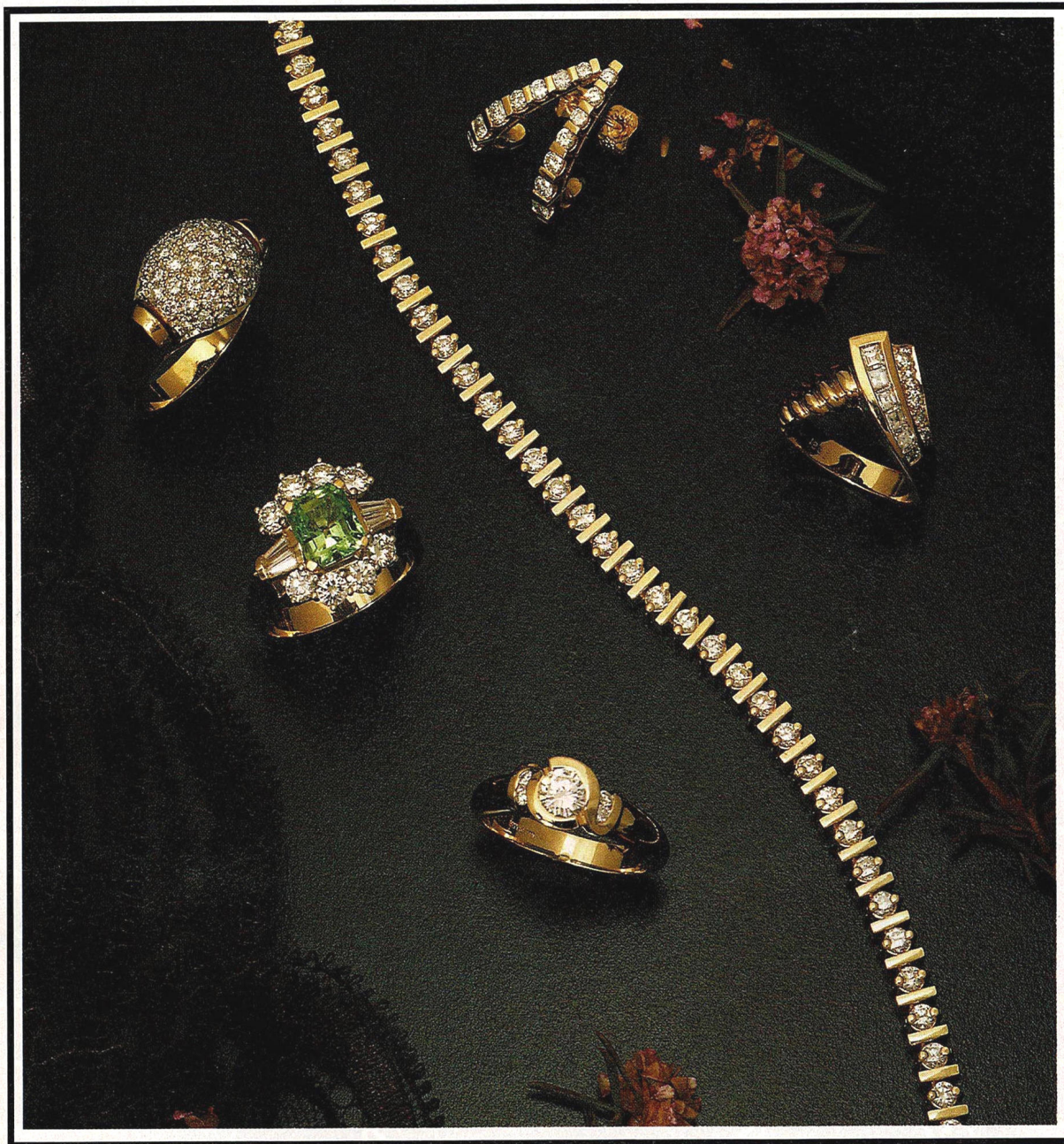
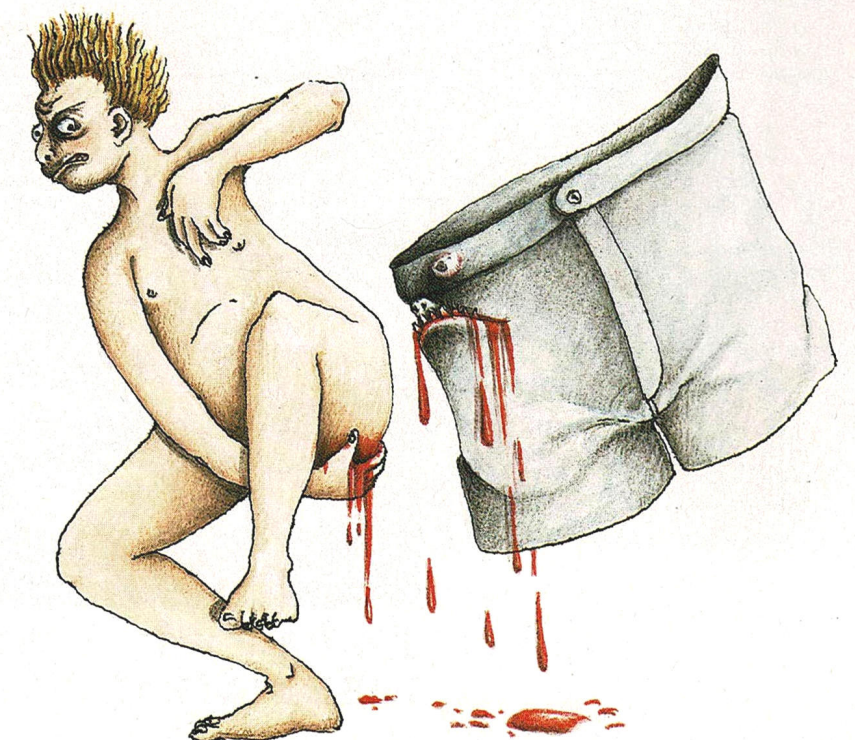
And so it goes. But we have sensed a growing resistance to the tide rising too high.

Because happening females don't want just the best jobs, the most respect, complete understanding and the Right To Be Happy. It's gone further than that. Making her own life decisions wasn't enough for the modern woman because now she's deciding what clothes the men in her life will wear.

Which is fairly alarming for the bloke who was looking after his sartorial presentation for at least a couple of months before he met Ms Right.

But this means nothing to the Today Woman. Her brief is not to enter into discussion or to provide a chance for debate. Her mission is simple: "By the time he invites me to dinner at his mother's house, he'll be dressed exactly as I see fit."

Illustration by Drahos Zak



Gio Vá

Giovanni Pellicano

Designer & Manufacturer of award winning jewellery

2/141 Military Road, Neutral Bay 2089. Ph: 908 3130

WOMEN WEAR THE PANTS

worn. Boxer shorts are the most stupid piece of clothing (except the leisure suit) to ever go on sale. But because women like the *look* of them, they assume men actually want to wear them.

Dinner suits

In a world gone crazy it's a comforting feeling to know that the good ol' dinner suit is an unchanging symbol of stability for the Nineties bloke.

The feeling of relief can be weighed as one walks into that male inner-sanctum of the fitting room, where no female shall pass. Just the tailor and his client sorting out the kind of thing that no woman would surely ever have the gall to interfere with. The dinner suit is nothing if not man's stuff.

But all is not well. Does one

detect a nervous tone in the tailor's voice when he says: "Maybe that's not such a good idea?" Surely, you ask yourself, I am entitled to ask for the 28s? Who's wearing the pants around here anyhow? The answer comes when the turncoat tailor reveals the telephone call from one's girlfriend only a day before, followed by two more calls to reinforce existing instructions and invent others.

By the time the poor bloke has been dressed in the 32" pants, the oversized jacket with polyester lapels and the crimson cummerbund, there's not much left to his own devices.

Country Road

Women love Country Road clothes. The trouble for the Modern Man is that females only like these

clothes when they're worn by males. And not just any males, but those who can be bossed and bullied into dressing like Gordon Gekko's poorer cousin. Women who use stand-over tactics to get their blokes into the clean-cut look are the same ones who, a few months down the track, let out big disappointed sighs and say: "Christ, I miss you strutting around in those old jeans and your long hair — you used to be such an individual."

The worst example of this sort of bullying can be summed up in one word — a word so feared by most blokes that to say it can bring on infant regression faster than Primal Scream Therapy. That word is, of course, "slacks."

When a woman says she's going to buy you some slacks, warning lights flash because it means symbolic castration is close at hand.

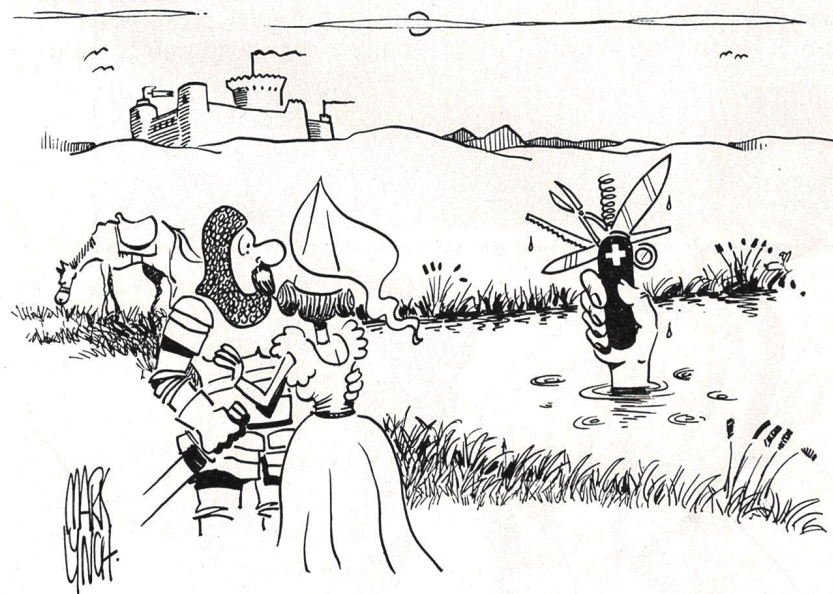
And one could go on about the cute little modern She-Ogres in one's entirely modern life. Favourite aftershaves go missing to be replaced by bottles of that dizzying Paco or Aramis stuff that makes a well-respected member of the Fourth Estate smell like a male stripper.

Favourite ties disappear from the wardrobe and poncy pieces of floral silk material are produced as a viable alternative.

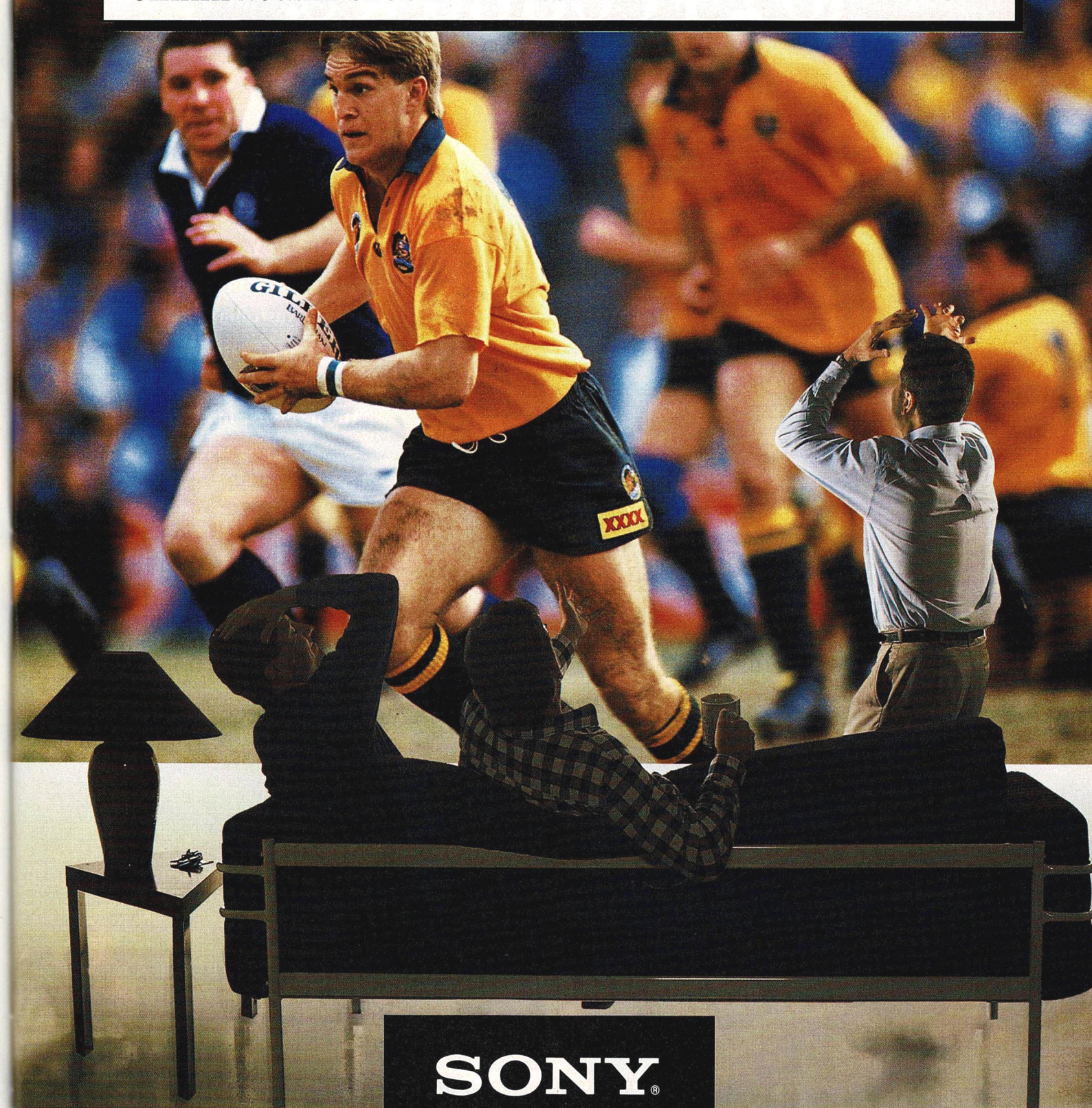
The Modern Bloke's barber is suddenly unacceptable because one's partner knows a Hair Designer called Maurice who is "really expressive" and only charges \$70 to make normal guys look like scented poodles.

Such is the Modern Man's lot. And there is no respite at hand. Just when a bloke thinks he has been purged of all the attire that was so distasteful to Bossy Britches, he is hit with the uppercut of hypocrisy. Remember that favourite paint-splattered sweat-shirt that you owned forever that She threw out? Damn right you do, but there it is on a different back, heading out of the door for a girls' night on the town.

— Mark Abernethy



...WITH ONLY THE LAMPSHADE TO BEAT, HE GOES FOR THE LINE...
OHHHH NO...HE SHOULD'VE PASSED IT TO DAVO ON THE LOUNGE!



SONY®

HOME THEATRE
BIG ENTERTAINMENT

VIC: A/V Sales and Installations (03) 650 6368 NSW: Visual Innovations (02) 979 5222
QLD: Videopro Brisbane (07) 236 2933 SA: Electronic Concepts (08) 234 9444 WA: Tanby Audio Visual (09) 328 2366

Proud ambassadors to 24 countries.

If you're lucky enough
to stay at New York's Plaza Hotel
or The Ritz in London,
you'll find Australia's Rosemount
listed alongside
other great wines of the world.
And if you live in Australia,
you're just as lucky.



ROSEMOUNT ESTATE. THE PRESTIGE WINE OF AUSTRALIA.

APB 11132-A RSM0054

F O O D

FRONT

THE LAST SUPPER

Meals condemned criminals are dying for

California's much publicised deliberation over the execution of double-murderer Harris brought back the old topic of the last meal. Most of us don't have the times of our deaths set in advance and thus don't have the opportunity to choose our last meal. So interest in the choices of those who do runs high.

Harris, like most victims of "the chair", chose to forget his cholesterol worries with a mammoth helping of pizza and French fries. At least he didn't have the bad taste to ask for a hamburger, the still-warm snack he consumed from the hands of the two 16-year-old boys he was convicted of murdering.

Though the very idea of the death penalty strikes many of us — okay, a few of us — as barbaric,

**"The favourites
were prawns,
French fries, tea
and steak..."**

it's comforting to know that in Christian countries at least, a good culinary send-off is still your due.

Sure, it's not much of a consolation prize — yes, we're going to kill you tomorrow, but tonight the world's your oyster if you want it. Mind you, it's a much better bargain than the former Soviets used to dish up. According to Lubyanika Prison insiders, most of those destined for the blood-splattered firing range went off on a stomach of putrid buckwheat or the cook made the food so hot that the doomed couldn't finish the plate.

After the reintroduction of the death penalty, the first 12 executions in the US showed a clear pattern in the average murderer's diet. The favourites were prawns, French fries, tea and steak.



Those who had murdered restaurant personnel were, predictably enough, skilled at ordering. Raymond Landry, who murdered a Texas restaurateur in 1982, sent out for an order of chicken a la king, navy beans, carrots, peas, cold beets, cheese sticks, cake, bread and iced tea. No-one bothered to record the murderous intentions of the prison cook when he failed to eat the pile. But there were no such worries up at the Missouri State Penitentiary when George "Tiny" Mercer, convicted of murdering a waitress, tucked into barbecued beefsteak, French fries, tacos, burritos, a salad and a large soft drink.

Ted Bundy, the Florida serial killer responsible for up to 50 murders, was at least reticent at the end. He made no last meal request, so the warden offered him steak, eggs, hash browns, juice and coffee which Bundy pushed to one side. Aubrey Adams followed Bundy to the same chair at the same prison three months later for murdering a child and, although he began on a bravura note, he couldn't pull it off. After ordering one-and-a-half kilos of fried prawns, French fries, garlic bread, pecan pie, ice-cream and iced tea, he could only sip the tea.

Murdering a policeman obviously creates peace of mind, or at least a ritualistic frame. Henry Willis III carefully ordered eight prawns, eight oysters, eight scallops, three hush puppies, devilled crab, coleslaw and Coca Cola, and polished off the lot. Prawns were again a centrepiece of the final meal of girlfriend-murderer Edward Byrne, who washed down an accompaniment of steak and coleslaw with a glass of Kool-Aid.

From a nutritional standpoint, the choice of Robert Streetman, convicted of the random killing of a 44-year-old woman, is the least problematic — a well-balanced repast of scrambled eggs, flour tortillas, French fries and iced tea.

The deaths of the five boys Arthur Bishop murdered obviously weighed heavily on his mind. Bishop asked only for a fresh orange juice but made do with a cordial. All-American to the last, nurse-killer Donald Franklin hunkered down to a fast food fade-out of hamburger, French fries and tomato sauce.

Food has also brought about death through no fault of its own. Buddha, a lifelong vegetarian, abandoned his strict diet later in life, and died after eating pork at the age of 84. The Emperor Claudius was fed poisoned mushrooms by his wife, Agrippina, the fiddling emperor's mother. Mama Cass Elliott, helped along by a cocktail of drugs, met her end by choking on a ham sandwich.

— Elisabeth King

Illustration by Drahos Zak

THE LIGHTNESS OF BEING

Paragliding is a fun, easy-to-learn sport

The first time I saw a paraglider was on the summit of the Aconcagua — a 6959m mountain of rock and ice in the centre of the Andes in South America. We were descending the beast on foot when we saw two gracious, rainbow-coloured parachutes gently gliding down to our base camp, 3000m below. We had to spend another freezing night in our tent fighting for the last chocolate bar, followed by yet another day walking/sliding down the mountain.

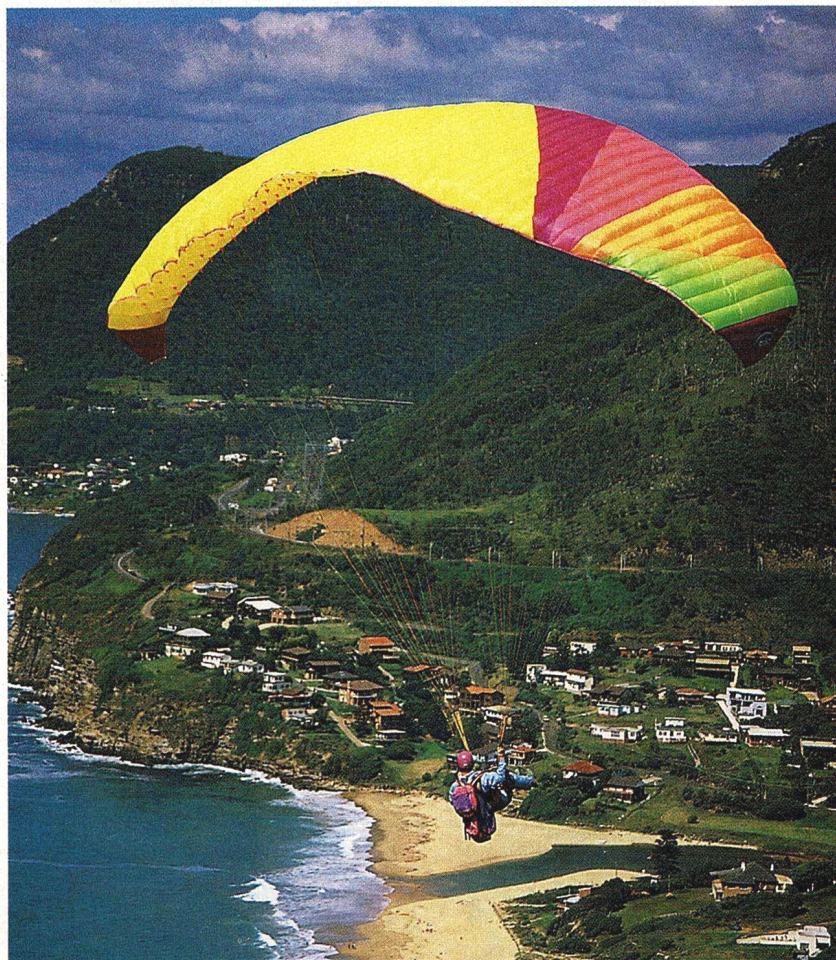
We arrived at the base camp exhausted, sore and severely bruised. The two Austrian flyers we'd seen the day before were waiting for us. They were fresh, relaxed and looked very pleased with themselves. We felt like clumsy idiots.

Later, while in Rio de Janeiro, I began to look toward the sky with greed. I spent many an afternoon on Pepino Beach watching the hang-gliders landing majestically on the sand. On touching down, the hang-glider pilots were set upon by a bevy of girls wearing the smallest bikinis I'd ever seen. And their attention was solely fixed on those brave young men in their flying machines. I decided I had to fly. Although I could clearly see the various advantages of hang-gliders, several reasons made me choose the fast-growing sport of paragliding.

Relative to a paraglider, a hang-glider is a complex machine.

"I began to look at the sky with greed..."

Weighing about 35kg, it's a highly manoeuvrable craft which must be disassembled for transport, and rigging and repacking a hang-glider is no small task. So if you decide to jump from an inaccessible area — like the top of Aconcagua — you'd better hire a hardy Sherpa to



lug the diabolical thing up the incline. Furthermore, take-off and landing requires some sort of airstrip, or at least 100m of clear surface. And landings can be very tricky and dangerous.

On the other hand, a paraglider weighs only five kilograms and can be easily carried by one person. You don't have to assemble anything, and it only requires a sharp tug on the risers, or a short run, to inflate the canopy. When the chute is deployed over your head, you just keep running until your feet leave the ground. The apparent wind speed will do the rest and soon you'll be flying.

Paragliders evolved from directional parachutes initially developed for the military. Different from the conventional mushroom-shaped chute, paragliding chutes look more like a banana and have air pockets across the parachute which provide the extra lift.

The seemingly millions of risers which attach the chute to the pilot's harness tend to scare novices. But once airborne they look after themselves and can be easily distinguished by their colours.

Learning is easy and the novice will most likely become a member of the Icarus fellowship by the end of the first day. So be prepared. After a some basic ground instruction, and provided there are no problems with controlling your adrenaline flow, you're ready for your first flight. That first step can be taken in places like Stanwell Park on the outskirts of Sydney, where I did my first flight.

Once over the initial excitement of take-off, I set about guiding the craft. Direction is controlled by the rear risers (or "brakes"), a set of strings converging over the pilot's head to two soft bracelets which are held in each hand. By steadily pulling one side, the paraglider will



Once you're hooked into paragliding you'll want to test the high-performance designs. For these models, risks are proportional to the thrill. With some experimentation you'll eventually discover your own limitations.

To return to being a ground animal, the idea is to slow down about five metres above the ground. When that distance is halved, quickly pull the brakes down as far as possible. This will turn the paraglider into a parachute and you'll land vertically.

Don't expect classy landings on your first few flights. However, after a few attempts you'll be able to impress anyone who happens to be watching. It's better to start out landing on the beach and leave the hardships of soil for when you've perfected the art.

"It's better to start out landing on the beach..."

A Class 1 canopy costs around \$3000, with the best models coming from Switzerland and Japan. You might be able to get a second-hand bargain, should someone be upgrading, but it's better to check with the experts.

The experts in Sydney are Future Wings, which operate from Stanwell Park. In Victoria, try Alpine Paragliding in Bright. Most schools provide all the gear you need to complete your course. After you gain your licence, you'll need your own wings so you can buzz around whenever you want.

For the first jumps, guidance is provided through a one-way radio. It's a very important support system, because the instructor's voice keeps you company and helps you if you look down and get spooked. And once you've found your confidence, then you're free to experiment with the lightness of being. — Adrian Von Friedberg



gracefully turn in the direction of the pull. The brakes also slow your vertical descent and therefore extend your flight time. But there is a critical point at which, if you pull *un peu* too much, all your gracefulness will disappear and you'll fall like a stone.

So, for the first few jumps it's best to let the canopy go and only experiment with a couple of turns into the wind. If you get the wind behind you, you may be driven into a cliff. The result isn't very elegant.

There are almost a dozen different models of chute, which provide a variety of gliding ratios, allowing the pilot either to spend many hours soaring, or just to make it from A to B quickly and stylishly.

For comfort, the paraglider's harness may include a chair. Some models even permit you to control the angle of the canopy — and therefore your direction — by leaning forward or backwards. But for learning the basics, all this trimming will only complicate matters.

It's possible to climb, and if you are adept enough to land back at your take-off point it's known as a "top landing." More radical flying, even aerobatics, comes next. But by then you'll think the Class 1 canopy — the one you learned on — handles like a dog.

GROWING INTEREST

How to cut years off your home loan



I've had some fun lately going through the numbers on home mortgages and working out just how much you do save by changing from a monthly repayment schedule to a fortnightly scheme. It took quite a while because the standard formula can only deal with problems where the interest is credited at the same frequency as the payments are made. Most home loans calculate the interest daily but credit it monthly. Consequently, if you pay the loan off fortnightly, half the monthly repayment is in the bank for half the month and thus will reduce the balance outstanding, on which the interest owing is calculated, for that period.

Follow? I'll show you. Say after a few years, your original 15-year \$70,000 mortgage has fallen to \$48,615 owing.

Now, the interest rate is 11 percent and your monthly repayment is \$796; it's September 1 and your next repayment is due on the 30th. During the month the \$48,615 racks up interest at the rate of 11 percent divided by 365 per day. After 30 days the interest bill totals \$439.53. That's then added to the loan amount of \$48,615 to make a new balance outstanding of \$49,054.53. Then your monthly payment is subtracted from the new balance to give you what you owe. So we take away \$796 and end up with a balance

owing on the first of October of \$48,258.53.

Anyway, let's say you've decided to change to fortnightly repayments, paying \$398 every 14 days:

On September 1 you owe \$48,615. On September 14 you pay \$398 and end up with \$48,217. On September 28 you pay \$398, which brings your total down to \$47,819.

Your interest is calculated in two lots of 14 days plus two more days to make up the full month. So on \$48,615, the interest is \$205.12. On \$48,217 the interest is \$203.44, plus \$28.82 for the remaining two days. Which gives you a total interest of \$437.38 for the month. If you compare that to the interest on the monthly repayments (\$439.53), you'll see that you've accrued \$2.15 less in interest charges. Big deal.

But it's from little acorns that mighty oak trees grow. We're dealing with compound interest here. If we do the same calculations for the following month, we find that the interest accrued under the fortnightly regime is \$2.98 less (ie, a bigger saving than for the previous month). The balance owing is \$5.04 less at the end of October.

The next month the interest saving would be bigger again, and so on for the years that follow. In

fact, if you'd taken out the original \$70,000 loan on a fortnightly repayment schedule from the word go, instead of taking 15 years to pay it off, it would be paid off in 12 years and four months; and instead of paying a total of \$143,106 you would've paid only \$127,740, a saving of \$15,366.

I bet you're now saying, that is a big deal for two dollars a month. You bet it is. If paying monthly, obviously, you make 12 payments a year. Fortnightly, you make 26 a year. Now 26 half-monthly payments adds up to 13 full monthly payments. Get it? By going fortnightly you actually make an extra month's payment each year. The couple of bucks less interest accrued takes a couple of months off the repayment time; the extra month takes years.

Now, before you rush off and

"It's from little acorns that mighty oak trees grow..."

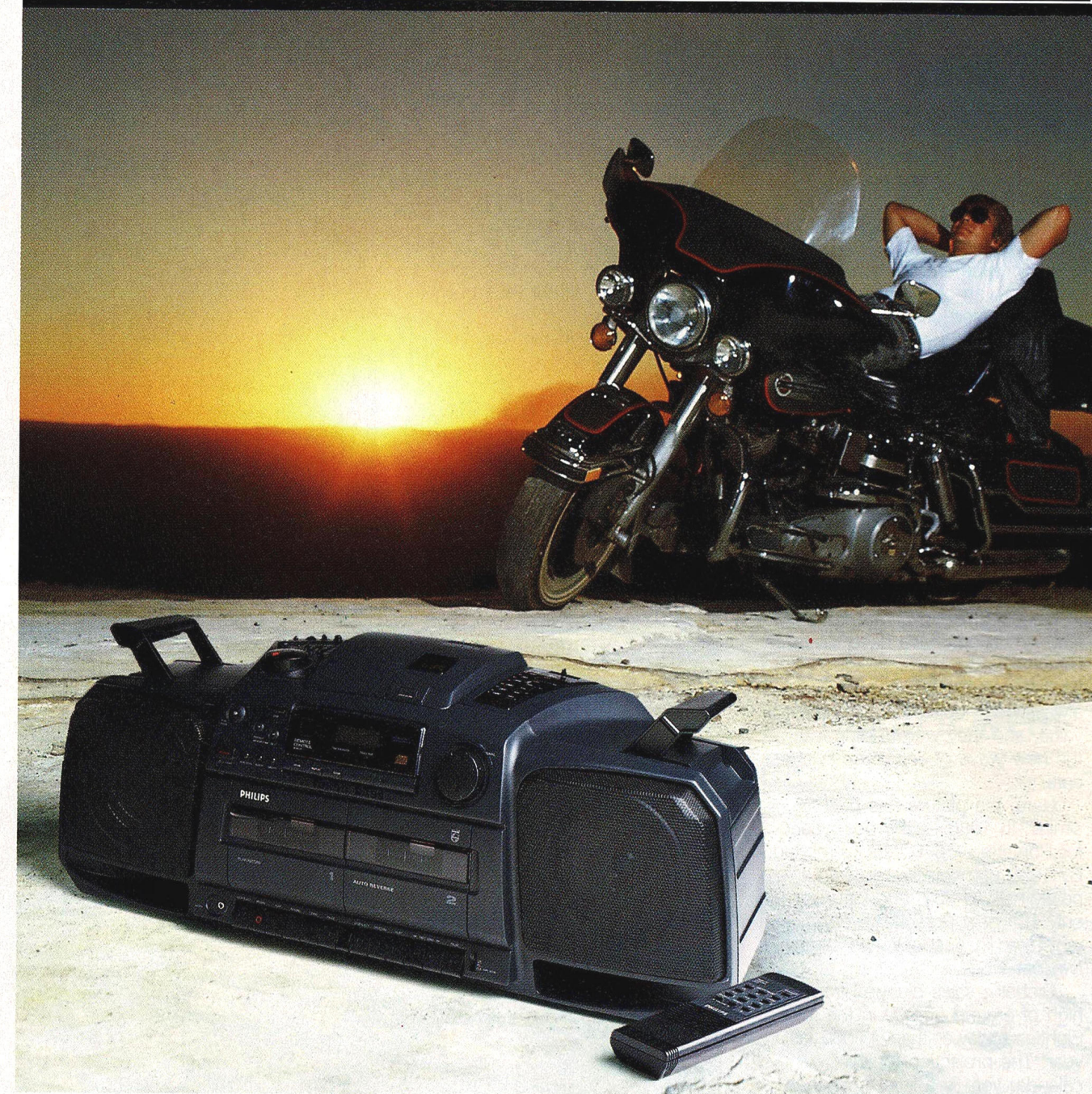
change your mortgage arrangements, think about this. In the early years of a loan, most of the repayments go to paying the interest. So if you decide to pay off your loan early, you will still owe nearly all that you borrowed.

If you opt for fortnightly repayments, you will pay more money a year than if you pay monthly; and if you terminate the loan before it's due, though the balance owing will be less, the total already paid will be more.

So, if you're likely to want to move on in a few years, think carefully whether the couple of grand you save at the end of the period is worth the hassle of forking out an extra month's repayment each year. — David Quicksilver

Illustration by Simon Bosch

IT'S HELL TRYING TO FIND A SEAT AT A GOOD CONCERT.



A portable music power plant – the Philips Sound Machine delivers a huge 80 watts PMPO (Peak Music Power Output) through its unique turbo bass generator and 5-way speaker system. Includes programmable CD player, AM/FM tuner and double cassette. Plus a full remote control, guaranteeing you the best seat in the house.



OFFICIAL SUPPORTER OF SYDNEY'S YEAR 2000 OLYMPIC BID

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

PHILIPS

Ogilvy MIP 0018 ACN 000017 470



THE FACTS OF LIFE

Porsche confronts the post-yuppie era

Something absolutely awful befell Porsche in the Eighties. Acclaimed until then for the quality of its race-proven engineering and glorious sporting character, it represented success and impeccable taste.

Blink twice and Porsche had gone from an object of reverence to the ridiculed official transport of yuppiedom. Four-wheeled wank-mobile.

More than anything perhaps, a Porsche symbolised the Eighties, the decade of conspicuous consumption, of posing, of greed.

And when Black October came, the yuppies, the property developers and currency traders fell back to earth, and much of Porsche's market fell with them.

The United States, always Porsche's biggest market, receded first; Americans have never been as blindingly loyal to car marques as have been Europeans. And they've always been quick to recognise value, and they were seeing it in the new wave of Japanese sports cars.

Here, the picture has been similar. In 1985 — the best year for Porsche — 640 cars were sold. By 1990 numbers were down nearly half, to 332, and last year only 101 new Porsches were registered in Australia. Less than two per week.

Globally, sales plunged from a high of around 50,000 in the mid-Eighties to fewer than 27,000 last year. The projection for this calendar year is a little more than 20,000.

The dreaded killer yuppie plague and subsequent recession isn't the sole reason Porsche's stocks plummeted so badly. Porsche itself has contributed to its problems with some remarkably misguided product decisions and disdainful pricing policies that added to the image of exclusivity in the good times but ultimately sent many potential buyers scurrying for fiscal sanctuary in the showrooms of an increasingly menacing Japanese opposition.

Significantly, though, Porsche never quite slipped into the red,

although it went close. Profits faded to about \$A13 million, a fraction of the healthy earnings registered in the halcyon days. An immediate and concerted fightback was overdue, but hardly an inevitability — not with the contents of its piggy bank dwindling and development cupboard bare of all-new products.

Unbelievably, in the early Eighties, there was a move to kill off the one model that epitomises the marque, the legendary 911. Had this crazed suggestion been accepted, it's doubtful whether Porsche would have survived through to 1992.

Today, the six-cylinder 911 still grabs more sales than the rest of the Porsche range; quirky as it is,



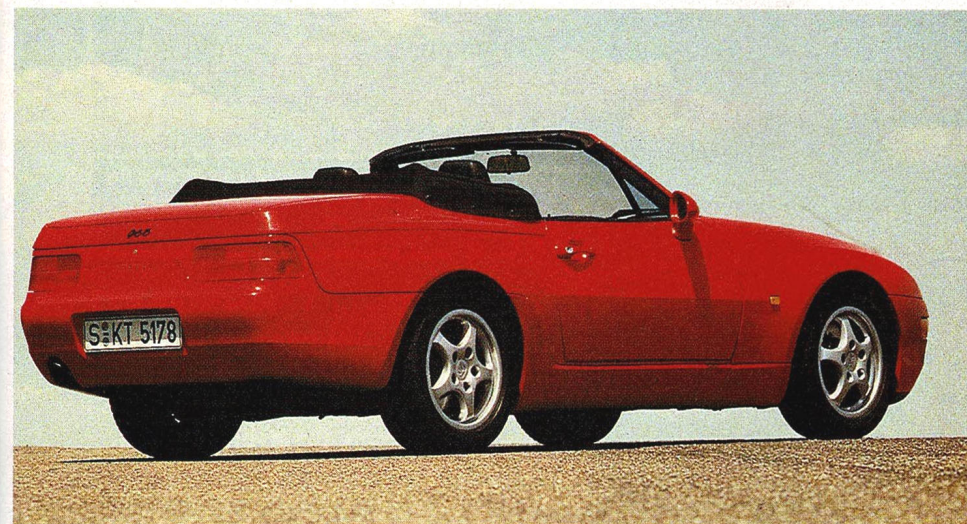
the fact remains that the rear-engined model is Porsche. In turbo-charged form it is an arse-kicking machine, even allowing for the inadequacies of a chassis with a strong rearward weight bias.

The Carrera 4, which uses four-wheel-drive to disguise the handling evils of the normally rear-drive 911, is invigorating to push to the limit, though priced to leave any reasonable man breathless.

The front-engined flagship, the big V8 engined 928, a fine if



Clockwise from above: The Porsche 928 GTS has never captured the imagination of the marketplace; the 911 Carrera 2 Cabrio is invigorating when pushed; the new 968 Cabrio is more affordable — at \$A130,000; the 911 Turbo is the essence of Porsche.



overpriced car, has never captured the imagination of the marketplace in the way the 911, in its various forms, has done. The cheaper four-cylinder 924, which later evolved into the 944, which then metamorphosed into the new 968, has never been taken to the hearts of the aficionados. Dismissed as a "committee" car, it is not pure Porsche. Maybe it is no longer made by Audi using Audi bits, but the stigma remains.

All luxury car makers have been hit hard by the recession, so Porsche is not alone in feeling the pinch. The difference, perhaps, is that many of the others can expect their customers to return when the

global economy returns to good health. There are no guarantees that Porsche's traditional clientele has remained faithful. After tasting the Nissan 300ZX or GT-R, Honda's NSX or Mazda's new RX7, all at prices way below Porsche levels, getting them back into the fold may not be simple.

Today, Porsche still means something, but that badge has been tarnished by association with the gold-chain set, devalued even. When business was booming a decade ago, it was probably no coincidence that Porsche was blitzing everyone at Le Mans.

"Porsche never quite slipped into the red, although it went close..."

Its reputation as the king of sportscar endurance racing was not earned easily, and it was true that the bullet-proof engineering, confirmed by pounding around Le Mans for 24 hours on end, filtered down to the road cars.

But, more recently, Porsche tried some pioneering in Indy car racing and Formula One, with disastrous results. Getting whipped by the more prosaic brands such as Honda, Renault, Chevrolet and Ford in two high-profile branches of motor sport is good neither for image nor business.

Meanwhile, last year at Le Mans, a battleground all but abdicated by once-mighty Porsche, Mazda of Japan raced to a historic victory...

And in Belgium a few months later a racing version of Nissan's Porsche-eating twin-turbo four-wheel-drive supercar, the GT-R, humbled the European opposition

Continued on page 128

SHORT, SWEET AND PSYCHEDELIC

Software as it should be made

Cor. Sometimes you have to do a lot of reading before you can play a computer game these days. You know, when you open a box and the first thing that drops out is a 140-page manual which you have to read cover-to-cover before you can press the first key. Enough to make a girl put it all away and go out and get drunk or something.

It's fair enough, I reckon, if you've just bought a simulation. Simulations attempt to give you an experience which is as close to the real thing as possible. So if you've bought a helicopter simulation, such as Microprose's excellent *Gunship 2000*, you do need to know a little bit about choppers. Hence the manual takes you through a brief history and theory of chopper flying, which makes it more exciting when you lift off.

But when faced with all sorts of

Briefly, you are Don Jonz, hero, sent on a free vacation to a fun-park planet in which you can experience the different eras of Earth. Cool, except that your direst enemy, Duke Nukem, has got there before you and is looking to wipe you out. A mysterious woman has dematerialised into the system and pops up at times to help you (or tell you you're a sap). And after that, you're on your own.

Just when you're about to get frustrated, the game offers you clues, so you don't get stuck in any loops. The graphics and animation are miraculous and incredible and whoever put them together is well acquainted with the cult of psychedelia, if not actually tripping out of his/her brain on acid.

Other small details matter. On an alternative screen you can see how long you've been playing for



role-playing games in which I have to read a bloody novel first to find out the storyline, and do a touch-typing course before I can master the 300 various keystrokes, then I begin to feel a bit tetchy. The best games keep it short and sweet.

Eternam

This is an example of what I'm on about. Software as it should be made. The storyline in the manual is short and clever, playing the game requires no more than ten keystrokes, you don't need a mouse and it all loads beautifully and runs without a burp.

and percentage of the game played. To get back to DOS, you just hit Escape and Y. Simple, straightforward, and fun with a capital F. *Eternam* is distributed by Questor (02) 662 7944 and costs \$79.95.

Star Trek

I'm a confirmed fan of *Star Trek*, both the original and the "New Generation", so I reckoned this game might be the go. Kirk, Scotty, Spock and co are all there, and the bridge of the *Enterprise* looks just as it should. The game follows the *Star Trek* format of

flying a series of missions, beaming down to planets, "to boldly go where no-one has gone before." My computer and I headed off boldly, and at first had fun.

I had a good time exploring planets (great artwork), but I ran into trouble while actually flying the *Enterprise*. I was under attack from enemy ships and didn't seem to be able to fight my way out of it. So I spent a lot of time frantically directing Scotty to repair shields and engines without getting very far.

This can be frustrating. For those of you similarly stymied, Electronic Arts, who distribute the game in Australia (it costs \$79.95), has a customer service line — 008 074 298 — and they'll be happy to give you hints. — *Trish Murphy*

Proflight

The voice of the navigator was urgent in my ear. "We've got multiple bogeys, 10 o'clock, let's get out of here!" But I stayed fixed on my target. The bridge must be taken out. I could hear the high-pitched whine of missiles approaching us.

The gunsight remained fixed ... and even though we were travelling faster than the speed of sound, the target moved closer very slowly.

"There!" Bombs away! Without waiting to see the results of my handiwork I hauled the Tornado around in a 5-G turn, hit the gas pedal and dived to the ground. There was no way they could catch us. Later, and safely out of range of the bad guys, I relaxed as I contemplated another mission.

Of course, *Proflight* won't have you defeating the enemies of the world on day one. It took me three days to get through the manual. And it's a simulation, not a game, so don't expect to put it in the computer and fly away without doing your homework.

But once you get the hang of it, *Proflight* is an excellent way to spend rainy days and certainly one of the best value-for-money Amiga software programs around. From Pactronics, (02) 748 4700, \$89.95. — *Brian Bigg*

MONOPOLY

THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Authorised and fully authenticated by Parker Brothers.
Exclusively from Franklin Mint.



All ten classic playing tokens are crafted in solid pewter and embellished with 24 carat gold.



Architecturally designed houses and hotels are accented with sterling silver or gold.

The exclusive edition — fit for a millionaire!

Authorised and fully authenticated by Parker Brothers.

It's a classic from the word "GO!" With new, spectacularly designed houses and hotels, tokens rich with the glow of 24 carat gold plate, a distinctive "Real Estate Portfolio," and much, much more — including *double* the usual amount of money!

Best of all, the lush green playing surface is luxuriously framed in fine hardwood, to present the classic MONOPOLY® game graphics as never before! It's a grand combination of tradition and beauty for your home. Just \$695 plus \$3 postage and handling, payable in interest free monthly instalments. Exclusively from Franklin Mint.

30 DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY.

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

MONOPOLY® is a registered trademark of © 1992 Parker Brothers, Division of Tonka Corporation for its real estate trading game equipment.

Franklin Mint Pty. Limited, ACN 005 086 591, 742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave, Vic. 3170. Telephone: (03) 550 9600.

MONOPOLY®—The Collector's Edition

Post to: Reply Paid 2000,
Franklin Mint,
742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave, Vic. 3170.
(No postage stamp required.)

YES! I wish to enter my order for MONOPOLY®—The Collector's Edition. Authorised and fully authenticated by Parker Brothers. I need send no payment now. I understand that the complete game, including the wood-framed playing board, will be sent to me in a single shipment. I will be invoiced for my deposit of \$69.80 prior to shipment and for the balance in nine equal monthly instalments of \$69.80 each, after shipment.

Please mail by 31st October, 1992.

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____ Please print clearly.

Address _____

Postcode _____

Telephone _____ Please include STD area code with your number.

Signature _____

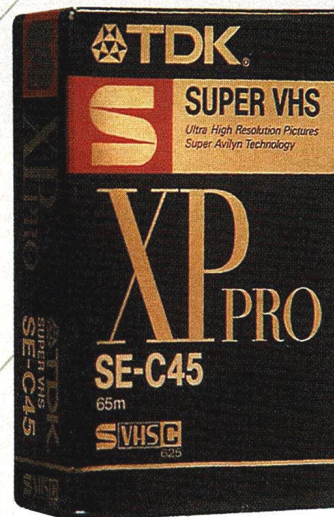
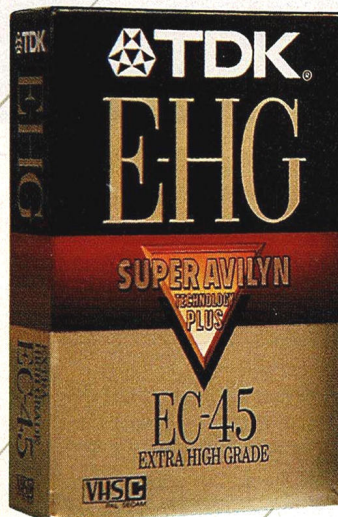
All orders must be signed and are subject to acceptance. If under 18 years of age, parent or guardian signature required.

00042 18051

Pioneer has revived the turntable, only this time it plays CDs rather than black vinyl. The PD-75 tops Pioneer's range of CD turntable players and it's a bespoke machine with polished timber end-pieces and posh gold detailing. The turntable configuration is designed to ensure the disc is fully supported, thereby eliminating any quality-degrading wobbles. Twin 1-bit digital-to-analog converters (DACs) further the good-quality cause. Key features are a 24-track program memory, five repeat modes, a random-play function, full remote control and synchronised CD-to-tape recording. Pioneer wants \$1699 for one.



Home video-making is becoming big business (camcorder sales currently exceed 150,000 annually in Australia), so the tape manufacturers are starting to develop cassettes specifically for the purpose. TDK's new VHS-C and Super VHS-C products employ new heavy-duty cassette shells to better withstand the wear-and-tear of on-location shooting, while the tape's magnetic formulation has been fine-tuned to cope with a camcorder's higher signal levels. Better colour, clarity and contrast are the promised results with the new HD-XPro tape designed to deliver broadcast-standard picture quality. The new cassettes are available in both 30 and 45-minute playing times from any self-respecting specialist hi-fi or video retailer.



Minolta has repackaged its award-winning camera technology in a more affordable form and the result is the Dynax 5xi. This camera switches on automatically when held up to the eye and not only does it take care of both focusing and exposure control, it will even help with composing the picture via a couple of auto-zooming functions. Multi-zone exposure metering and a wide-angle autofocus sensor ensure the Dynax 5xi is rarely fooled by the light or subject matter. Other notable features include built-in flash, motordrive and provisions for accepting plug-in expander modules which add yet more functions. Expect to pay around \$1000.



Kenwood can turn your lounge room into a fully equipped cinema with its KA-V8500 five-channel audio/video amplifier. Five channels means the Kenwood can power five loudspeakers and it's also able to decode the surround-sound information present on most video movie soundtracks (and a surprising number of TV broadcasts). Surround-sound puts you in the centre of the action; all you need is an extra pair of speakers. The Kenwood pumps out 65 watts per front channel and delivers 25 watts to the rear pair. You can connect up to a dozen audio and video sources and the unit is fully remote-controlled. Yours for \$2199 from Kenwood Electronics, Australia.



You're looking at the portable audio format of the future. It's called MiniDisc (or MD, for short) and it's similar to a compact disc with a couple of key exceptions. For starters the discs are mini. In fact, with a diameter of 6.1cm, they're one-third the size of a CD, which means MiniDisc is ideal for in-car and personal "portable applications." There's storage capacity for 74 minutes of digital sound and, importantly, the discs are recordable. Around 60 of the world's leading hi-fi companies have joined the MiniDisc system and when it's launched (around Christmas), it's expected around 300 album titles will already be available on the format.



Going for a jog with Hitachi's VT-S895 video cassette recorder doesn't mean what you think. This VCR is fitted with a jog control (the big knob on the right) which allows very precise location of scenes. In fact, it locates precise frames. This is just one of the Super VHS machine's many post-production facilities for making professional-looking videos. The VT-S895 also offers auto-assemble editing, numerous picture-search functions, built-in titling (rare on a VCR) and built-in tape head cleaners. The superb quality of the S-VHS picture is accompanied by crisp hi-fi stereo sound and, of course, everything can be remotely controlled, even jogging.

Canon reveals the big picture with its budget-priced Prima BF which, unlike so many compact 35mm cameras, has a viewfinder that won't give you a severe case of eye strain. The BF has an eyepiece that's large enough to permit comfortable viewing up to 2cm away, so it's ideal for anybody who wears specs. It's a fully goof-proofed point-and-shooter with a 35mm f4.5 lens, programmed exposure control, automatic flash, motorised film winding and a "double-shot" self-timer. What's more, all this costs a modest \$120 from Canon Australia.



AWAKENINGS

Mode goes retro but keeps his cool

Despite his current billing as a hot new jazz talent (classic record company hyperbole) **Dorian Mode** is the first to admit he's not on the cutting edge of improvised music. What he does offer on his first major release, *Rebirth Of The Cool*, (EMI) is a love of jazz phrasing and harmonies in his mature, extended arrangements which are smoothly handled by a prudent selection of local maestros. His cool vocal style is not yet as evolved as local competition Vince Jones, but his mainly original tunes take more melodic chances than cool crooners like Sade or Matt Bianco. He has studied jazz piano since his early teens, but it was Jones' example, while he was studying classical composition, which suggested to Mode that there was a career to be had in jazz.

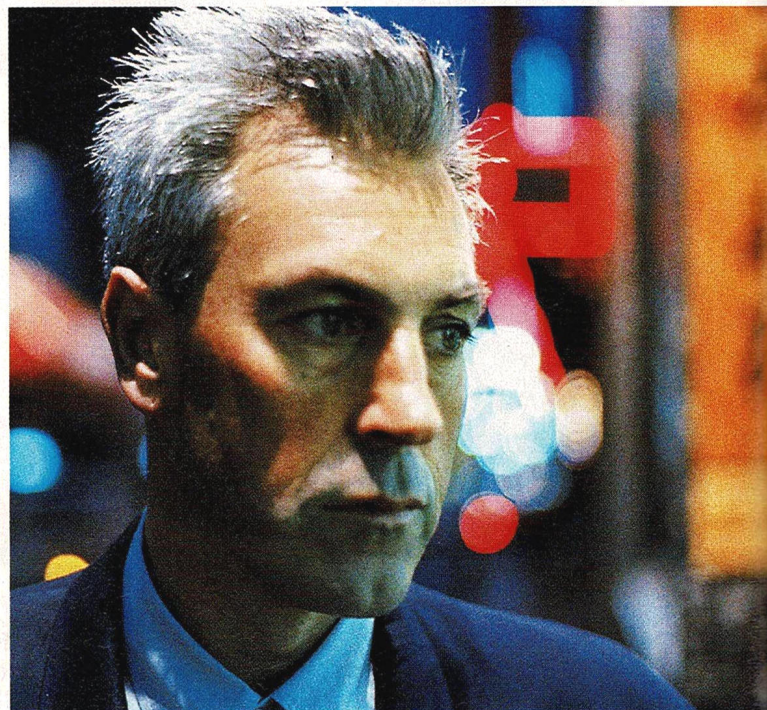
The upsurge of acid jazz (funky dance-tinged swing) in Europe offered an alternative to a straight retro trip. The Hammond organ originally featured heavily in his rhythmic reworking of standards, but he has gravitated more towards the acoustic piano on this release. He admits the practised cool

image helped him get a record deal and offers the public a hook, but underlying this is an ongoing love affair with singers like Mel Torme, the Blue-Note era and the whole Cool School. He carried a torch for that music even when he was a full-blown Mod, complete with Sixties suits and scooters and a Jam fetish.

Here he drops names like "Mingus" and phrases like "I'll dig your groovy smile" and the disc is stamped with the stylistic trademarks of Miles Davis when that legend was emerging as a leader and setting the tone of Fifties cool jazz. When Miles hit with *The Birth Of The Cool* (also due to master arranger Gil Evans), the public's ears were not well enough tuned to allow a long life to that nonet that featured tuba and French horn alongside Gerry Mulligan's baritone and Lee Konitz' alto.

Forty years later DM's emulation of that line-up is comforting, not confronting. He allows himself moments of musical stretch, as in "A Portrait Of Love In Three Colours", but the real solo spark falls to local jazz masters like Bernie McGann (alto sax) and Mike Bukovsky (trumpet). Dorian's performance forte is to provide a cool persona, though to these ears the chill factor is a bit too great on his cover of Grace Jones' "Slave To The Rhythm", which lacks the rhythmic snap and chic arrogance that that diva brings to her best work.

Steven Cummings wouldn't be the first person to have spent a significant proportion of his twenties encapsulated in a time-suspension device known as "the band." In his case it was the Sports who provided him with a permanent reason to not have to organise his own life. "I didn't have a thought in my head about anything in my twenties. Now I can express myself more accurately," he says. His latest *Unguided Tour* (Polydor) opens with an



"Uncrowned" front-porch soliloquy of simple guitar backing and resigned melancholia about the cyclic inevitability of life. Wah-wah guitar then spearheads the equivalent of a cold shower/pep talk as the full band joins in to "Keep The Ball Rolling" and establish the musical balance for the rest of the set.

The more highly-produced funky soul efforts of previous albums have been shelved: "Everyone can play," says Cummings, "and I've got a really short attention span." He rationalises that the two days' rehearsal and seven days' recording kept the songs simple and fresh.

"The acoustic guitar is the theme," he says. Well, at least he's playing it more, and that's making him feel more connected to the whole songwriting process beyond being just the singer. Cummings empathises at least with the title "How To Stop Worrying And Co-operate With The Inevitable" by classic optimist Dale Carnegie. "I'm Australian, but I've got a Czechoslovakian temperament."

Cummings thinks people get too much easy escapism from

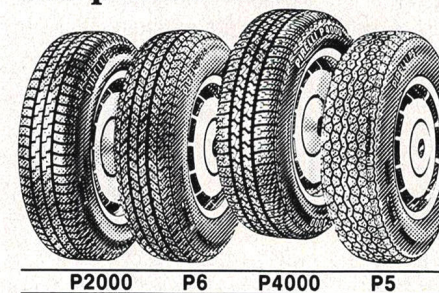
the reality of their lives with TV, etc. He prefers to offer a darkly humorous perspective. Hence song titles like "Everybody's Always Pissing (in the swimming pool)", advice to "Walk Softly (but carry a big stick)" and the album's title promising a self-help tour through life. His, anyway. "A lot of people hit their thirties and find that they are stuck with themselves ... a rude awakening."

Cummings' Sport-ing life left him jaded with globe-trotting and world domination. His spasmodic but quietly prolific solo career over the past nine years has seen him largely holed up in Melbourne, fretting and indulging himself with things like a university course in film criticism. Finally, after an awakening of his own, he has decided to bite the bullet and, with the help of Black Sorrows manager Doug Hunter (now permanently in London for that band's European assault), hopes to establish overseas enclaves of admirers. The spearhead is not this release but an acoustic compilation — "as you get older, become a country-and-western singer or do a singer-songwriter through Europe." — *Jeremy Cook*

I KNOW A LOT ABOUT RUBBER AND STEEL BELTS THAT GIVE TOP PERFORMANCE AND A GREAT RIDE — THAT'S WHY I TOLD KARL TO FIT PIRELLI P4000'S — THEY'RE BUILT FOR COMFORT AS WELL AS SPEED!



PIRELLI comfort and performance



The PIRELLI P4000 was specifically developed for drivers of high-powered and executive-style cars demanding excellent handling characteristics with supreme comfort, especially at sustained high speeds.

The PIRELLI P4000 gives outstanding cornering stability and high speed control. The wide footprint and broad shoulder area give excellent grip,

wet or dry, making the P4000 ideal for powerful front wheel drive cars.

PIRELLI P4000's unique construction means excellent absorption of road shocks for a superbly comfortable ride with very low noise levels. All this, plus extended mileage. So to make your performance car more comfortable tomorrow, see your nearest PIRELLI APPROVED DEALER today.



G R I P P I N G S T U F F

For the location of your nearest PIRELLI APPROVED DEALER, or for your free copy of THE PIRELLI GLOVEBOX GUIDE TO CAR TYRES, call: NSW (02) 756 2333; VIC (03) 706 3555; QLD (07) 268 5900; SA (08) 47 4033; WA (09) 353 1755; NZ (09) 573 1140.

PTA 92/11 E

OL' BLUE EYES IS BACK

The old Mel magic still works like a charm

In the great Tinseltown tradition of "when you're on to a good thing, milk it to death", and in line with the recent spate of unimaginative numerical film titles, we now have **Lethal Weapon 3** — the further Richard Donner-directed adventures of Mad Marty Riggs and his long-suffering partner Roger Murtaugh.

Not too much of the old chemistry has changed since the original, that unforgettable screen gem that gave the world its first lingering look at Mel Gibson's freckle. Now Murtaugh is only seven days away from the Holy Grail of retirement when he finds himself in a ton of trouble involving bombs, stolen guns, police corruption, and of course a partner who's as mad as a cut snake. And, in this one, the cut snake falls in love with a gutsy alter-ego played by Rene Russo.

The action/comedy mix that has made hits of the first two is still firing, once again aided and abetted by the appearance of everybody's favourite spiv, Joe Pesci. And the old Mel magic is still working like the proverbial charm, whether or not he's flashing his arse. There's little doubting this one's success.***

Mo' Money is the story of a small-time street hustler, Johnny, who goes straight when he falls in love, only to find himself forced into a high-stakes



credit card scam that threatens his romance and his life. Written by and starring Damon Wayans as Johnny, and Stacey Dash as his paramour Amber, it's not one to get terribly excited about. **

In 1943, US of A, with the chaps away at war and the very existence of baseball under threat, some bright spark with marketing nous put together the All-American Girls Baseball League. **A League Of Their**

Own is a comic look at the glamorous sluggers, starring Geena Davis, Lori Petty and ol' pointy tits Madonna as Mae, a gal with an acid tongue and a loose reputation. Tom Hanks plays the put-upon coach of the team. We're talking major league fluff here. **

Unlawful Entry begins with an armed robbery attempt on a couple's home, after which the couple call the cops and meet a curiosity - Pete Davis, a caring, sharing LA policeman. Befriending the copper, the couple feel they've latched on to someone who is genuinely concerned about them in the scary, crime-ridden urban jungle, and Pete enjoys the new friendship. So just when everything seems to be going rosily between the new buddies, confusion and terror start creeping in to make things interesting. Starring Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta and Madeleine Stowe, this ain't bad. ***

Un Homme Et Deux Femmes (A Man And Two

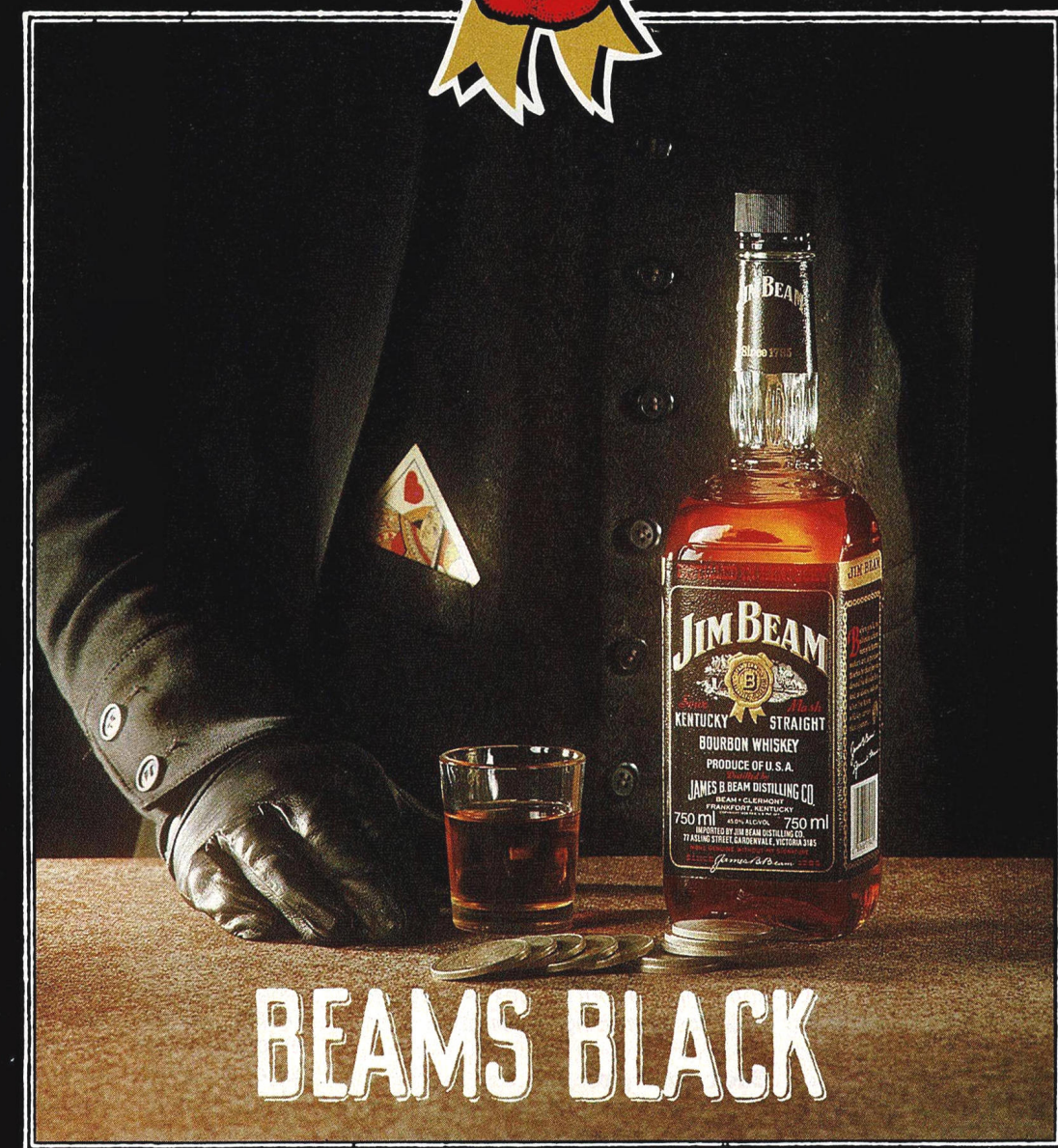
Women) combines the talents of internationally renowned author Doris Lessing and Valerie Stroh, one of France's most celebrated actor/writer/directors. In three stories, the obsessions of four women are explored, resulting in a thought-provoking and often erotic film. Definitely one to attend if you're trying to impress a new girlfriend. ***

Salmonberries is the latest offering from quirky writer/director Percy Adlon (*Baghdad Cafe*). Starring singer/songwriter K.D. Lang in a role written especially for her, it's the story of an Alaskan woman who spends her young life disguised as a boy because of an Eskimo tradition of abandoning unwanted baby girls on the ice. The film becomes an unusual and convoluted lesbian love story that spans a couple of continents, involves a bit of heartbreak, but leaves the viewer with a feel-good smile. A film festival winner, this is arthouse all the way, but well worth investigation. *** — C.J.Mackay

Left: K.D. Lang in a scene from **Salmonberries** — Director Percy Adlon's latest film. Above: Mel Gibson rides straight back into trouble in **Lethal Weapon 3**, as the crazy cop Marty Riggs



JIM BEAM



BEAMS BLACK

JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO • CLERMONT • BEAM • KENTUCKY

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Loose nuts

I am 24 and lead an average sex life which is quite fine. The only problem I have is my scrotum is very loose and saggy over my testicles, which doesn't look very attractive. Is there any way a doctor can put life back into them?

How saggy is it? I mean, most men have saggy scrotums unless they are standing in very cold water or are heavily aroused or about to come. Scrotums aren't necessarily the most pretty things to look at anyway, but really, the average female, if already at such close quarters, is probably more interested in your cock. You're probably quite normal and don't need a doctor, but if it's pronounced (down to your knees or something), then yes, medical assistance wouldn't be hard to come by.

Nerves

My problem began with the night of the year 12 formal party. I had never been with a girl prior to this event and to this date still have not. This delicious blonde came up to me and for some reason, to which I am not entirely clear, laid a heavy, passionate kiss upon me. In those delightful ten seconds my penis shot to its full length and I began coming in my pants. Three years later it has occurred to me that when I see real naked flesh for the first time I will ejaculate prematurely; before, that is, I can even get my clothes off. How can I avoid this embarrassing problem and also buy myself enough time to slip a condom on?

What about buying yourself enough time not only to slip a condom on but to engage in sexual intercourse as well? Lots of men face similar problems and fears when they're starting out. Lots of men ejaculate prematurely or have embarrassing incidents the first time,



but the world doesn't come to an end.

Something sexually inexperienced men tend to do is think of The Woman, whoever she is, not only as desirable but as mysterious, judgmental and to some extent disembodied. Who she is, when you get to that point, is another person who likes you enough to want to sleep with you, which already puts you in a good position. Premature ejaculation in such circumstances might seem acutely embarrassing to you, but any woman with a bit of sense will take it as a compliment. What I would suggest, in your situation, is that you find an older, sexually experienced woman who likes you, confess your virginity and let her show you the ropes. That way you don't need to pretend you know what you're doing when you don't (and can therefore relax and have fun), and it will do wonders for your self-esteem. Only an inexperienced or bitchy girl will balk or laugh if you come like lightning the first time out, so try to make it with some-one nicer than that. Either way, bite the bullet, stop worrying about it and get out there and do something about it. Sex is much too good to be missing out on it.

Back door girl

My girlfriend becomes intensely aroused and often climaxes during anal sex, but is significantly less aroused by vaginal sex. Why is this?

Could be for all sorts of reasons. For many women, vaginal sex without any

other sort of stimulation can be non-orgasmic and rather pedestrian. Most women enjoy clitoral attention, some enjoy anal stimulation, some enjoy full anal sex, some don't. It depends on the individual, and, according to women who have been willing to discuss it, it often depends on the size of their partner's penis. Anal sex with a smallish or average bloke can be great, but if he's too big it can be just the opposite. Your girlfriend may be aroused more by anal sex simply because it's different, or she perceives it to be "naughtier" and therefore hotter. Or she may just have a

more sensitive anus. Does it matter?

Quenched lust

I am a 25-year-old male living with a woman in her early forties. We have been together now for just a few years. Sexually I feel that I have an average sex drive, but often have the urge to be a little outrageous in my lovemaking. I often like to slide under the covers and begin sniffing and licking my partner's anus and cunt and clit, which, if she is relaxed, usually drives her nuts. It is also great for me as she has the sweetest-tasting pussy. But lately I feel that she doesn't want to make love as often as she used to, and we get into arguments about it. She feels that I go for her pussy too soon without cuddling her first. The problem is that I have an almost uncontrollable urge around her and more often than not feel frustrated when she turns off and goes to sleep. This leaves me with a now bigger problem of an erection which is almost impossible to get rid of without masturbation, and I guess I should add that that is also out of the question. I am definitely not allowed to masturbate. I don't believe that our age is an issue, or that I'm looking for a way out of it. I am just trying to keep a relationship alive and kicking.

It seems as though your partner has told you what's bothering her — she'd like more foreplay. This doesn't mean rubbing her nipples for an extra couple of minutes before succumbing to your

uncontrollable urge and diving in. For many women, a great and desirable part of sex is love and romance. Women like to feel loved, not just good for a fuck. Men who really understand foreplay are also connoisseurs of fine food and wine, good music, soft lighting, sensuous massages and spa baths.

Some "experts" claim that women moving into their forties suffer a declining sex drive. I do not believe this to be true. Other factors, such as increased pressure at work, tiredness, stress and diet can affect a woman's libido. Is there some external factor that might be affecting your partner in this way? If so, a big dose of understanding will probably do wonders where your tongue is apparently failing.

The other thing is that women who refuse sex usually end up feeling guilty about it, which might explain her attitude to your masturbating. If she's already feeling guilty for having frustrated you, and you start masturbating next to her, it might seem to her as though you're doing it just to make a point, and she'll feel even guiltier and then become angry. She has no right to stop you masturbating, but this is something you need to work out between you. If she's feeling pressured for sex, then perhaps you need to ease that pressure or try a more subtle approach. Give her the leeway to say no without feeling bad about it, but explain that in turn, you need the leeway to deal with your erection if she doesn't feel like doing it for you.

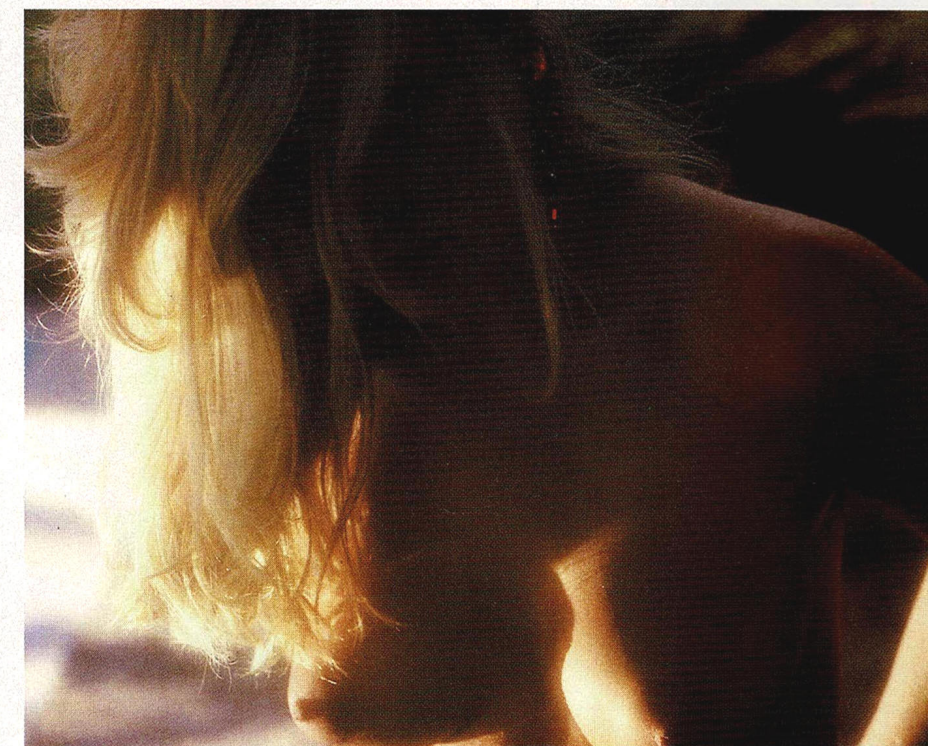
Mud

I've been really shy to ask anybody about this. I've been living with a man for three years and he's always joked about how he likes mud and how it turns him on. He says he loves the feel of it on his body and that it makes him wild. Recently we were up in the NT and were on a beach where there were mangroves and mud. My boyfriend kicked off his shoes and started squelching in it. Then he started smearing it all over himself. He looked as though he was in heaven! Then he wanted me to get undressed and allow him to smear mud on me. There wasn't anybody about, but I hated the idea of getting all dirty. He had a huge erection and when I said I didn't want to, he seemed

to be really disappointed and didn't say much more to me for the rest of the day. I always thought his mud thing was a joke, but now I think he should get help.

Why? Everybody has their fantasies. Lots of people apparently are turned on by mud — look how popular mud wrestling has been in the past. It's probably got something to do with the texture, or maybe it's an old, old throw-back to primeval days. It's a pity, anyhow, that you backed off because you probably missed out on some great sex with him that day.

Think about it a bit. As long as you're somewhere unpolluted (ie, no oil, detergent, etc), mud isn't actually dirty. It's just wet earth or clay, and washes off easily. Is that so off-putting?



It's a harmless enough fantasy for your boyfriend to have. He doesn't need help. But perhaps you need to be a little more adventurous.

Satin and lace

My girlfriend and I have an excellent sex life and both have a passion for lingerie. Although we both enjoy your magazine, we're fairly reserved. Ours is not

a sex problem so much as a fashion one. Due to my girlfriend's 36DD bust we find it difficult to buy sexy lingerie similar to that which appeared in The Right Stuff. They all seem to be for girls with B and C cups. Could you publish the names of retailers who cater for women with large busts? And has Penthouse ever thought of doing a pictorial of lingerie-clad women?

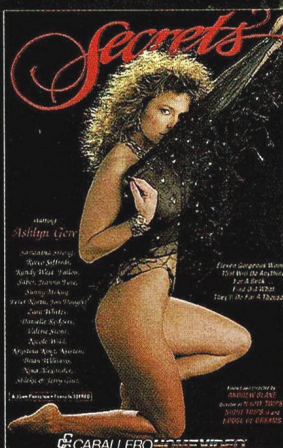
To answer your last question first, voila, please turn to page 109 for a pictorial of Penthouse Pets in lingerie to die for. In fact, the girls in many of our pictorials wear lingerie (it's amazing how many people don't notice it, though!). Now, as for your girlfriend's 36DD, that's big, and many of the big lingerie houses cater for Ms Average, which won't be much help. There are lots of small lin-

gerie-producing firms around who can make bras to measure for a surprisingly low cost. Advisor isn't the place to publish a list of them, but consult the Yellow Pages and ring around a few to see who can do what. There are some specialist lingerie shops up around King's Cross (assuming you're in Sydney). Ads also appear in the classified sections of suburban papers. Good luck. O—

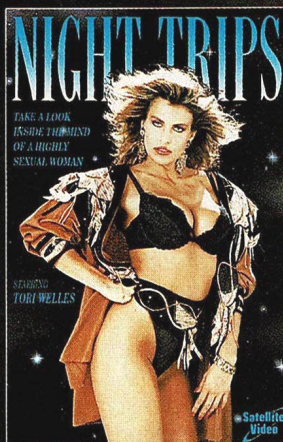
A New Dimension of Unequalled Fantasy...

NIGHT TRIPS II

Take the Night Trip a second time. It's what everyone has been waiting for on video from the world renowned director of Erotica, **Andrew Blake**.



SECRETS - Some of the most beautiful women in the world, willing to do anything for a price. Starring Ashlyn Gere. Cat No. 1591.



NIGHT TRIPS - Tori Welles has help to turn her Night Trips to Reality. Cat. No. 1553.



BUY 2 GET ONE

FREE

\$100 or
\$50 each

CUT AND MAIL NOW - STAMP REQUIRED

MAIL TO: REPLY PAID 08, CAPITAL MEDIA GROUP PO Box 7771 Canberra Mail Centre Canberra ACT 2610
 Phone: (06) 239 1466 - 9am - 9pm 7 Days/ Fax: (06) 280 4904

☐ **YES!** Please rush me my FREE, no obligation, catalogue!

NAME _____ SUBURB _____

SIGNATURE (Must be signed) _____

I enclose Cheque/Money Order/COD/Cash _____

Card No. _____

Type of Card _____ Exp. Date _____

ADDRESS _____ STATE _____ P/CODE _____

1553 NIGHT TRIPS II \$50 (+ postage & handling) ☐ 1591 SECRETS \$50 ☐ **VHS ONLY**
☐ **2 VIDEOS PLUS ONE FREE \$100**

ACN 008 599 264 PEN001092

PER ORDER Postage \$9 COD \$21

SWEET SOUND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Stephanie spent her formative years training to be a ballerina, but then turned her talents to the profession of sound engineering. "I'm glad I didn't go into ballet. Working in the recording industry is great. You get to meet so many interesting, fun people. Ballet is a little stuffy," says 23-year-old Stephanie.



Although content in her career, Stephanie still attends ballet classes five nights a week to keep fit. Sometimes, though, her job takes precedence. "Not many people know how much work goes into recording a song. Often the guys in the band and I have to work all night just to get the feeling right — to a song, that is."

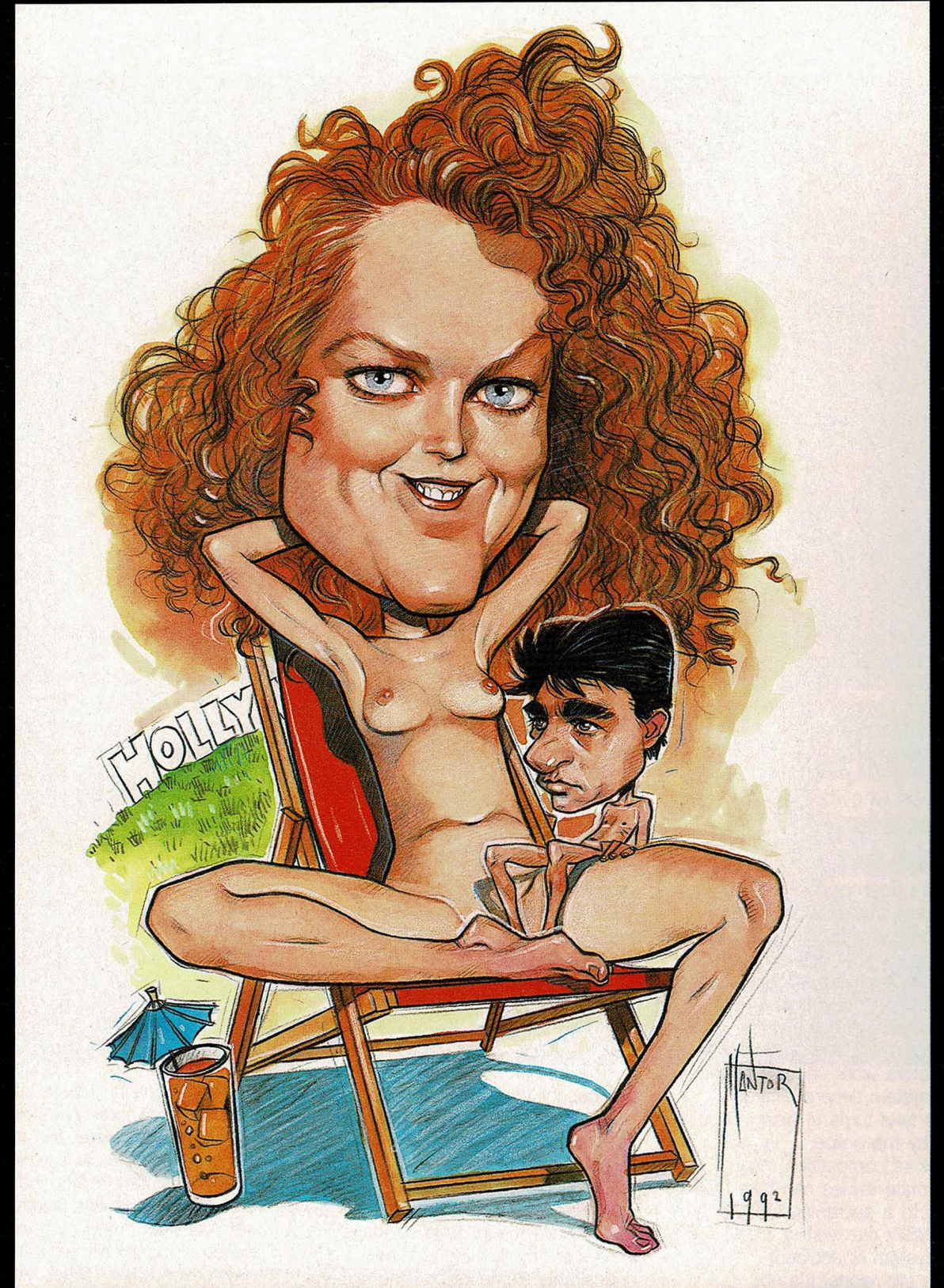








KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Nicole Kidman

By Mark Abernethy

Photography by Graham Monro

crash culture

Heartless jackals or angels of mercy? Sydney towies have their say.

They're vultures, sharks, hyenas or just plain bastards. But whatever you choose to call them, towies are a daily fact of life for Sydney motorists.

In Australia's largest city, massive traffic congestion has spawned an equally large towing industry. Depending on who you are, towies are either jackals preying on the misery of motorists or angels of mercy who keep the traffic flowing.

There are approximately 1000 registered tow trucks in the greater Sydney area — more than twice the number operating in Melbourne.

The need for towies in Sydney has created a system for the drivers that is fast disappearing in other states.

In Victoria and South Australia, tow truck operators work under a roster, or allocation system, where different companies take turns at being called to accidents by the police.

The lack of competition means these interstate towies can take their time going to a guaranteed job.

But in NSW the "first in, best dressed" system of accident attendance still reigns. It's not uncommon to see rival towies in the Harbour City racing at high speeds to crash sites to get their "tow."

In some parts of Sydney, towies take the competitive spirit even further by playing the "first to sign" rules. This system means three or four towies can arrive at a smash and then jockey for a signature in their Towing Authority books. That signature means they will get the job.

Not surprisingly, this system leads to confrontations, since most towies are either self-employed or work on commission.

Older Sydney towies now talk about the "bad old days" when stand-over tactics, arson and brawls were commonplace and drivers were seen as fringe criminal types who protected themselves with baseball bats, firearms and dogs.

This image of the tow truck industry has caught the attention of successive NSW governments which have threatened to regulate the industry with the allocation system.

But under the auspices of the Tow Truck Industry Council of NSW, Sydney towies have fought to keep their "first in" system by flushing out the undesirable elements that the system seemed to encourage. In its first two years of operation, the TTIC de-licensed 40 operators for failing to

comply with standards.

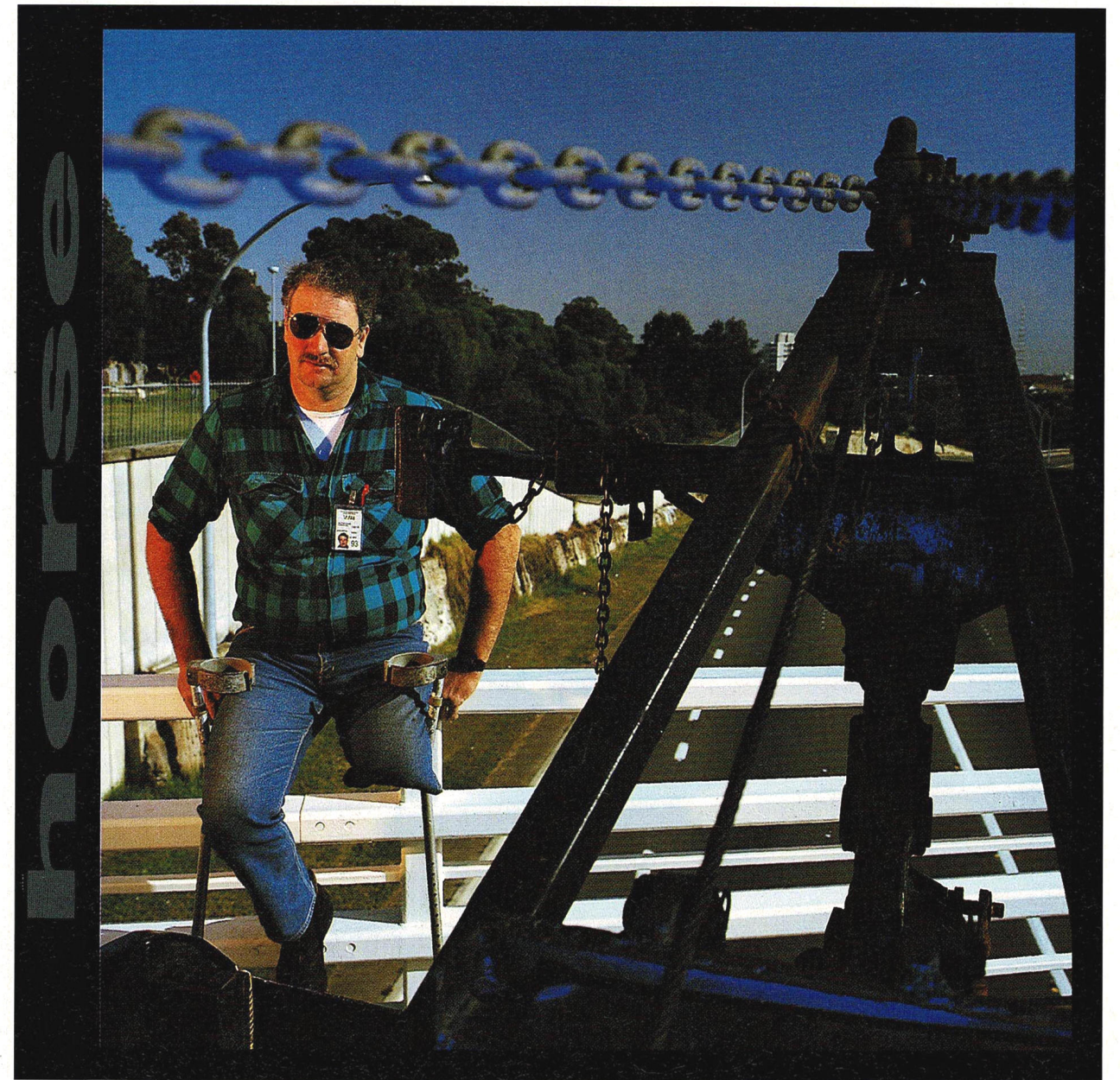
While Sydney towies jealously guard their freedom to attend any accident, they say there are other reasons why Australia's largest city should not regulate its towing industry. Combined Towing's Steve Willis says Sydney is a special case because of its size and traffic congestion.

"In Melbourne or Adelaide the cops can wait 20 minutes for a tow truck to arrive at an accident. Can you imagine that happening in Sydney at rush hour? It'd be chaos. The public just wouldn't stand for it. The roster system would last two weeks in Sydney before they knocked it on the head for ever."

In cleaning up the Sydney towing industry, the TTIC licenses towies. The licences can't be held by towies whose behaviour doesn't make the grade. Tow truck owners can no longer have back-yard operations and in the future will need commercial premises.

If the Sydney towing industry is changing, the towies themselves are still a distinct breed — a free-wheeling bunch who typically work 14 hours a day, seven days a week. And whether you love them or hate them, they're as certain in a Sydney motorist's life as traffic jams and tolls.

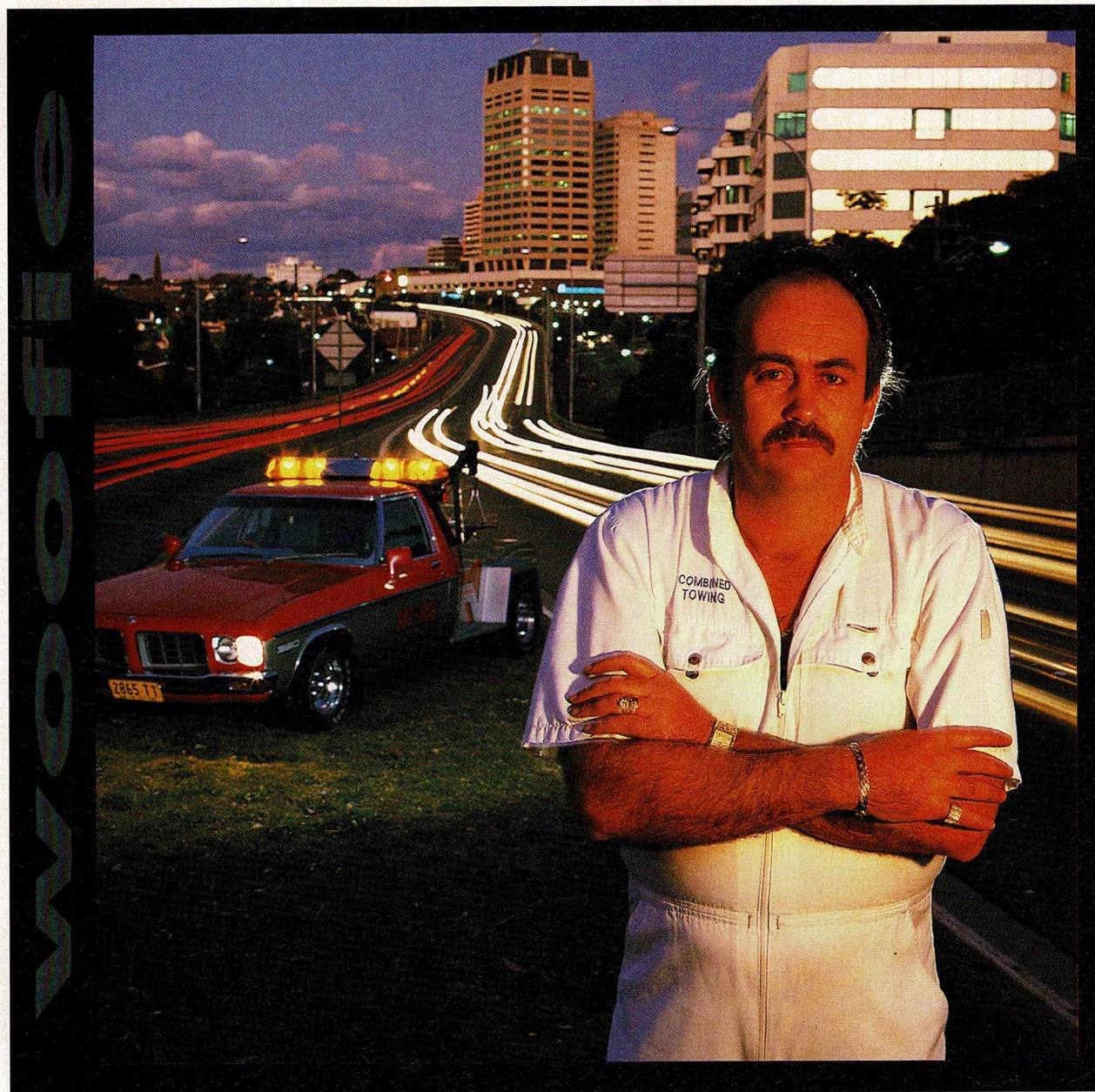
John "Horse" Haron. 37.
North Shore Wreckers.
Drives a Ford 350, 302 V8.
Been a towie for 21 years.



"When they've been in an accident, then you're a cunt. But when they've been shagging their mate's missus and they call you at 2am to pull them out of a bog track, then you're the best bloke in the world.

"I've had a few smacks in the face from other towies, and occasionally they threaten to burn the truck or take the keys. But I just laugh at them. You can't let the occasional wanker scare you out of making a living."

Steve "Woofie" Willis. 36.
Combined Towing.
Drives a Holden one tonne, Chev 350.
Been a towie for 18 years.



"The bad old days of towing are gone. Years ago I lost most of my teeth when another towie bashed me with a lump of wood during an argument over a smash. That's all changed. I fired one of my blokes recently for blueing in public at a smash site.

"This is a \$1-million operation with 18 trucks. I don't allow drugs, alcohol, women passengers or weapons, but I do allow dogs. The worst violence now occurs when you do reposessions — my drivers have been threatened with guns and iron-barred."

Ryan "Rhino" Flanagan. 25.
St George Towing.
Drives a Ford F350, 460 V8.
Been a towie for 10 years.



"Every towie gets shit from the public — it's like, 'fuck off cunt', or 'you fucking vulture'. But that kind of thing usually comes from the guy in the wrong who just wants to attack someone.

"Down here the towies play 'first to sign', whereas other areas play 'first in, best dressed', so we have to be fairly aggressive. You see some bad things, like the guy whose spine went through his arse, or the motorbike cop who had his leg ripped off ... we found it 150m down the road."

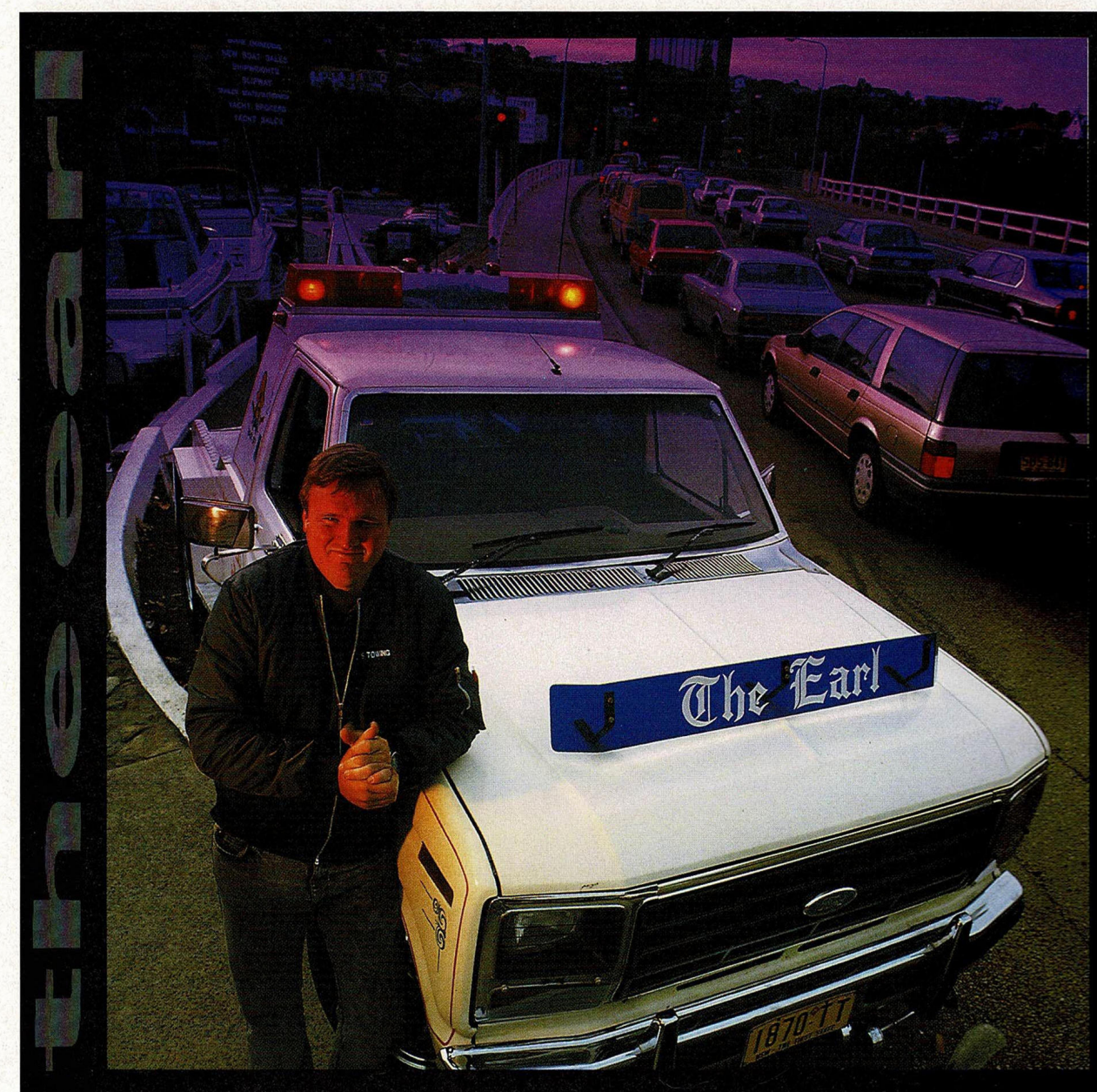
Dave "Cowboy" Clarke. 46.
Harbour Towing.
Drives a Chevrolet C30, 350 V8.
Been a towie for 30 years.



"When I started in the Sixties, it was dog-eat-dog. Stand-over tactics and fights were common. Nowadays you hear about trucks getting burned and keys stolen. In the bad old days we had mechanical winches, so if someone wanted to stop you getting a job they'd steal your winch handle.

"I like to be well dressed — that's how I got my nickname, 'cos people were always saying, 'I like the hat ... nice boots'. People have never really messed with me. I used to be the Masked Avenger in pro wrestling. Other towies seemed to respect that."

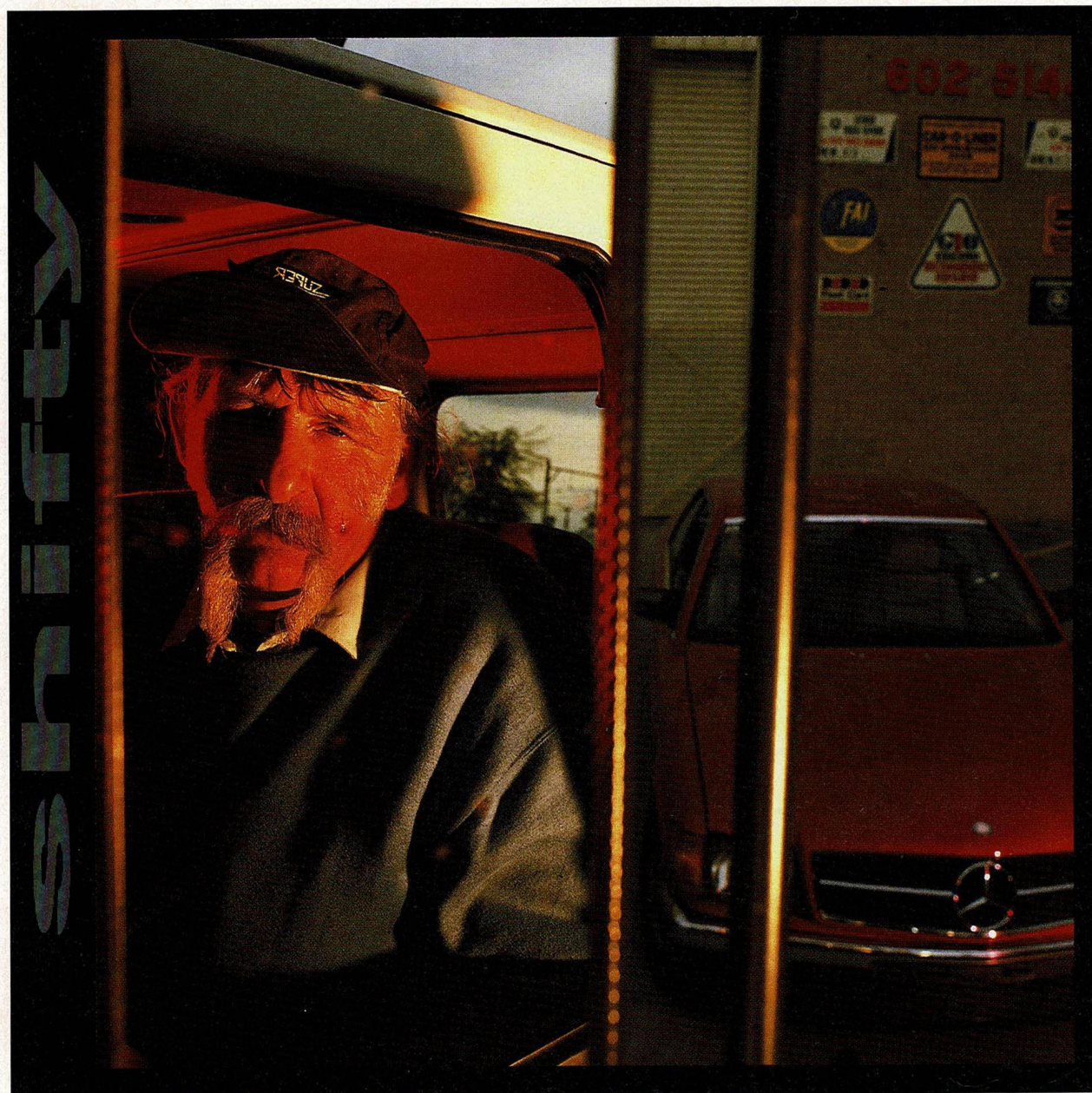
Mick "The Earl" Cullum. 36.
Coastline Towing.
Drives a Ford 350, 351 V8.
Been a towie for 12 years.



"Here on the North Shore the cops like to keep us in line. If a pirate comes into our area and tries to attend a crash, it's the cops that tell him to piss off rather than letting us sort it out among ourselves. The roads are jammed at the best of times so the last thing the traffic sergeant needs is a bunch of towies scrapping every time there's an accident.

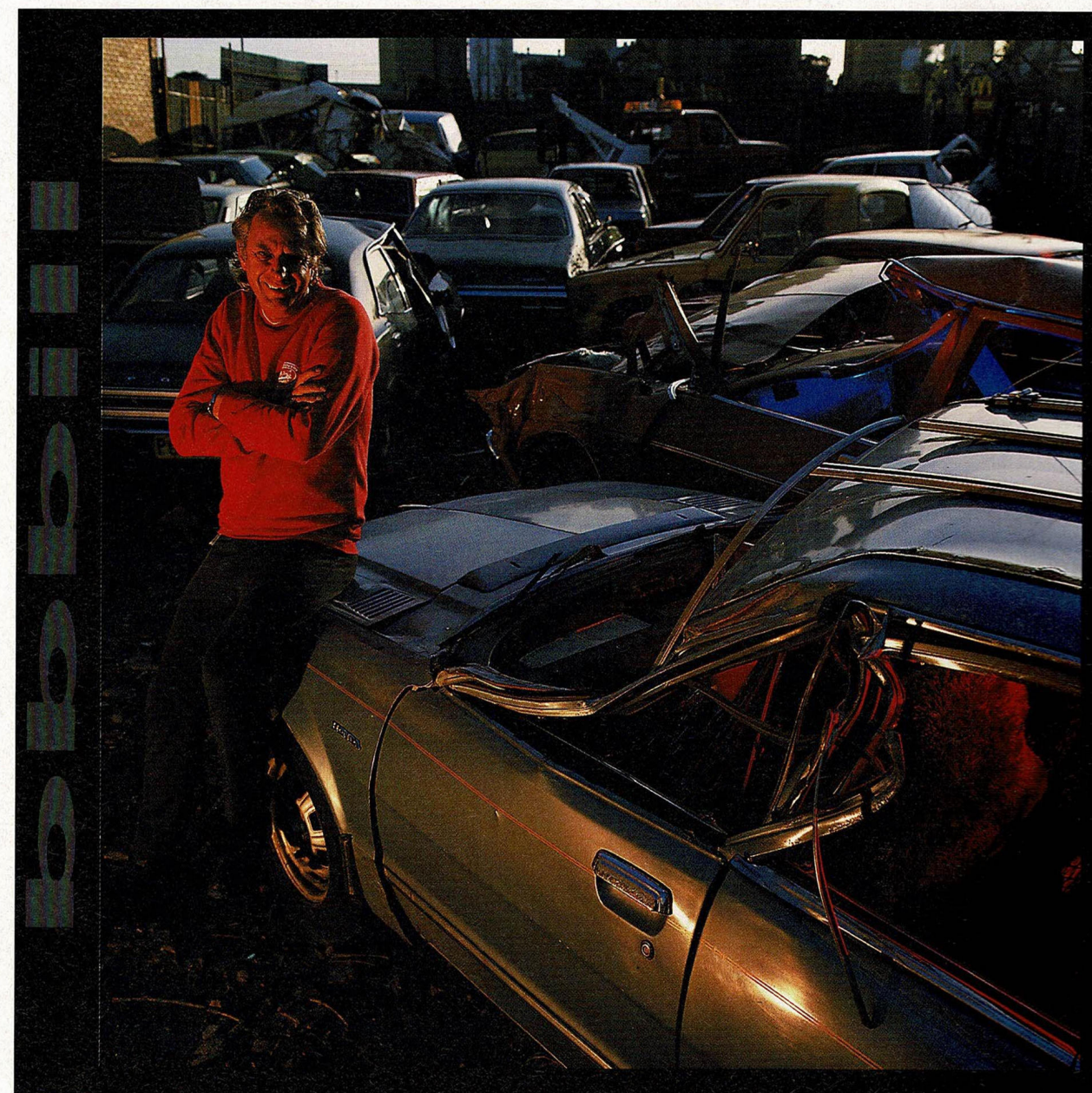
"Out west I'm not sure if the cops are really in control, but over here the towies and police have a good understanding. Everyone just wants to make a living, which means keeping your licence — so we play by the cops' rules."

John "Shifty" Wilson. 44.
 Liverpool Smash Repairs.
 Drives a Ford F350, 351 V8.
 Been a towie for 20 years.



"A normal day for me is about 14 hours. I'll get up at five, be on the road by six and after the morning rush I meet the other drivers back at the base for breakfast around 9.30. We work through the day and get out on the road at three in the afternoon for the evening rush. I knock off just before eight and then I'm on call until I start the next day. People ask how I live like that, but the way I see it, if I'm not on the road making a living, then some other bastard certainly is. Retirement is something I don't think about — if you don't work, you die."

Bill "BBBill" Marsden. 48.
 Enfield Towing.
 Drives a Ford F350, 351 V8.
 Been a towie for 27 years.



"Things have changed tremendously in 27 years. All those stories about the bad old days — the iron bars and brawls — are true. One night, years ago, our office was shot up by some-one with a shotgun. When we tried to escape, they shot up the truck. There were also some massive brawls with the Tongans down on William Street. They were wild days with some very bad people.

"That's when the Government tried to regulate us and bring in the allocation system, but they've never been able to do it. I've never seen an allocation system that would work for Sydney. You get one bridge blocked in this place and the whole of Sydney stops. An allocation system would just make it worse." 

student Of indulgence



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Tracy Sutter, 24, has been in educational institutions for the last 19 years and still has two years to go. Tracy will complete her PhD in economics in 1995 and be officially known as Dr Sutter.





"I'm a little nervous at the prospect of entering the work force," Tracy admits. "University life is very demanding, but I know from my colleagues that doing nine-to-five is taxing in different ways."





"The one thing I'm really looking forward to, though, is money. As a student, one becomes accustomed to cask wine, cheese on toast and squalid households. What I desire most now is indulgence. I want to be spoilt with exquisite food, vintage wine, an old brass bed and a man who doesn't want to talk about internal deficit."





BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

action man

**Jean-Claude
Van Damme is
one step ahead
in the race to
out-muscle
Schwarzenegger**

In the wake of Arnold Schwarzenegger's anointment as the world's biggest movie star — we're talking box office, not just biceps — Hollywood studios have been engaged in a mad scramble to discover the next hunk of bankable beefcake. Take a number and stand in line: even marginal athletes like wrestlers Hulk Hogan and Rowdy Roddy Piper and ex-football player Brian Bosworth have been given shots at becoming macho matinee idols.

Aside from Schwarzenegger, the current kings of action-adventure films — including Chuck Norris and newcomer Jeff Speakman — exhibit what now appear to be the two requirements of the genre: a knowledge of the martial arts and absolutely no acting talent. As Schwarzenegger has shown, charisma alone can suffice, and he's got plenty to spare. So does a Belgian named Jean-Claude Van Damme, who appears poised to jump ahead of them all in the race to outmuscle Arnold.

A former European karate champ, Van Damme has spent the last six years starring in a string of cheapo martial-arts movies that made buckets of money. In 1991 he played a pair of combative twins in *Double Impact*, which quietly grossed \$35 million in the United States and will probably rake in an additional \$50 million worldwide. Throw in some astonishing video sales, and it's easy to see why Carolco Pictures is confident



action

that its \$23 million production of *Universal Soldier* — which stars Van Damme as a half-robot, half-human — will end up as one of this summer's biggest hits.

To borrow a line from a well-known Austrian bodybuilder — "trust me now and believe me later" — Van Damme is about to become a major star. Like Schwarzenegger, he has a sculpted body, a strong screen presence, a sly sense of humour and a pronounced accent (his is French). The one edge he has on Arnold is his age. At 31, Van Damme is 14 years younger and much further along in his film career than Schwarzenegger was at the same point.

"I don't know if I'll ever be as popular as he is, but being compared to the Number One guy is a compliment to me," Van Damme says. "Arnold's charming, not afraid to make fun of himself, a strong promoter, and very, very intelligent — that's why he's so successful."

The same can be said of Van Damme, who has tirelessly plugged his films all over the world, thereby building up an international following. He's very bright about publicising himself. These days it's difficult to find an article or TV report about him that doesn't refer to "the Muscles From Brussels" or "Van Dammage."

"I made up both of those nicknames, and they seem to have worked. I also made up another one that didn't: 'Wham, bam, thank you, Van Damme,'" he laughs.

Van Damme is smooth as opposed to slick, and women have definitely taken notice of him: *Cosmopolitan* and *Playgirl* both rated him one of the ten sexiest men of 1991. It's easy to understand why. He's ruggedly handsome in a boyish way and has a gentle sense of humour. On screen he looks like a giant, but he's barely five foot ten, weighs roughly 80kg, wears glasses and conducts himself like a cheery college professor. He's thoroughly approachable, and vows to remain so.

"The first movie I ever did was a film called *Rue Barbar* that was shot in Paris — I played a bad guy," he says. "Movie stars are more accessible in France. They work on the streets, and during breaks they'll go off for coffee with a friend. They lead normal lives, and I like that. The French are cooler about making movies than the Americans. Here it's like everything's done in hiding; it's very plastic."

Unlike most of his action-oriented colleagues, Van Damme was always more interested in becoming a movie star than a star athlete. He recalls being a small, sickly child with bad vision who

spent an inordinate amount of time going to the movies. "What I remember most is that we were poor," he says. "Brussels is a beautiful city filled with museums, but it's not like any town in the US, where kids have computer games and TV. We had nothing. We had the street, the school, and sports."

When Van Damme was 11, his father — a florist and accountant — enrolled him in a karate class in the hope of giving his son some self-confidence. The plan worked. "I enjoyed the training a lot — it was like a religion for me," Van Damme says. "My country didn't have karate for kids, so I trained with adults. I grew up quickly by listening to their conversations and by sparring with them. They kicked my arse almost every day — I was very light — but after a few years of training hard and growing, I got very strong and started to hold my own."

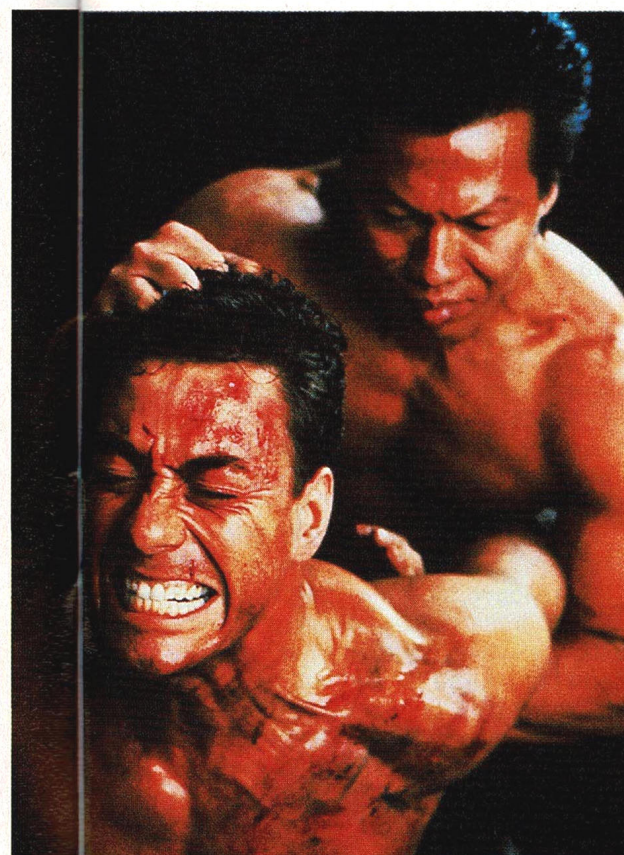
By the time he was 16 Van Damme had shot up and was no longer a Brussels sprout. He was also the city's karate king. At that point, he began studying ballet. After a couple of years, Van Damme began performing with a ballet company.

"I'm not saying this because I have a swelled head, but I was a very gifted dancer," he reports. "They called me *le ballon* — the balloon — because I was able to jump six feet in the air, which is exceptional. But I also liked muscles, and my arms and torso became too big. Most dancers have a small upper body and very strong legs. I kept my body balanced 50-50, and it was unusual to see a guy built like me dancing ballet."

"After five years, I finally gave it up: you just can't drive two cars at the same time. I stayed with karate because it had been part of my life since I was a boy, and by then I'd become the European karate champion. But it was never going to be my life. I wanted to be in the movies, and karate was the skill I used to introduce myself to different countries."

Van Damme fought all over Europe, and claims that the only match he ever lost was when he was 18 and was defeated by a 28-year-old Italian in the finals of the European championships. "That was one of my biggest disappointments, because I had held back. I believed my instructor, who told me the guy was too big for me and that it was impossible for me to win," he says. "Almost a year later, I saw the champion training one day. He said: 'Kid, take off your glasses and let's do some sparring.' When we started, I blocked a punch of his and kicked him right in the face. I was lucky, but after I lost to him, I'd been training for six hours a day, and I'd become a *monster*."

By then Van Damme had quit school



and opened the California Gym on the busiest street in Brussels. It quickly became the city's trendiest health club. With his own line of vitamins — and his father's help — he was soon over-seeing a million-dollar-a-year business.

But he wasn't happy: he longed to become an actor. Once a week he went to Paris to look for movie work, which led to his role in *Rue Barbar*. He also sent letters and photos to every studio and director in America.

"That didn't do me any good," Van Damme remembers. "I was innocent; I didn't know how to approach this thing. I tried everything. I opened my gym when I was 18, and after three years of it, I began wondering, 'What am I doing here?' I was making money, but since the age of 12 I'd been living a fantasy about becoming a movie star. My feeling was that life is short, so what did I have to lose by coming to Hollywood? My parents thought I was crazy. They said: 'It's impossible, Jean-Claude. How can you go to America, where they have millions of actors, when you don't even speak English? Go back to school and become a gymnastics

teacher.' They couldn't talk me out of it. In 1981, before I was 21, I sold my gym and vitamin business — I was too impatient to wait for the right price — and then I flew to California."

Van Damme was dazzled by Hollywood — and by Southern California's weather. The rest of it wasn't sunny at all. "When I first got here, many people made big promises to me, and they were all lying," he says. "After a few months, I realised that the people I met — I wasn't dealing with executives of major studios — were deceitful, and that I'd have to play the game their way or else end up looking like an arsehole. In Hollywood you have to learn to act like a shark, or you'll just be another fish that gets swallowed up."

Van Damme supported himself as a film extra, bodyguard, bouncer, cab and limousine driver, carpet layer and personal trainer. In 1986 he finally landed a speaking part — as a Russian villain — in *No Retreat, No Surrender*. "Good fights, stupid movie," he says. "It was shot in Los Angeles in five weeks and I was paid \$250 a day for five days."

Immediately afterward Van Damme was hired to play the title role in a Schwarzenegger film, which didn't mean much: Van Damme was cast as the predator in *Predator*. He was suited up in an outfit that was far too big for him — his head only made it up to the creature's chin — and was flown down to Mexico, where the film was shot. "It was a nightmare," he says. "It was impossible to move inside that suit, so I had to drop out. After I left, they went with a different costume and a guy who was much taller than me."

At that point Van Damme had learned to speak English, but he still didn't have a green card, which meant he couldn't legally work in the US. But that didn't deter him. Now that he'd had a taste of film-making, he went at it with a vengeance.

One night at a restaurant in Beverly Hills, he spotted Cannon Pictures' Menahem Golan, whom he'd met briefly years before at film festivals in Cannes and Milan. Golan had just signed Sylvester Stallone to star in *Over the Top*, Dolph Lundgren (who co-stars in *Universal Soldier*) for *Masters of the Universe*, and had recently produced *Missing in Action* with Chuck Norris.

As Golan left the restaurant, Van Damme ran up to him. "I said: 'Menahem, it's Jean-Claude Van Damme. Remember? I gave you my photos in Cannes and Milan.' He had no idea who I was."

"I wanted to impress him, so I did one of my 360-degree leaping kicks at his face — and above his head. Menahem's my height, and he was shocked, maybe even afraid. He probably thought, *Who the fuck is this guy?*

action

Anyway, he said 'call me tomorrow' and walked away."

The next morning Van Damme camped out in the offices of Cannon Pictures and waited more than five hours to speak to Golan. When he was shown in to see the producer, he was blunt. "Look, let's cut the bullshit," he said. "I've been here for five years and I'm fucked — I've got no money. I think I'm gonna be the best, and I'm very hungry. You can buy me with a piece of bread."

Van Damme removed his shirt to show off his muscles, then pulled two heavy chairs a few feet apart. He jumped up and did a split between them and, with one foot hanging over each chair, continued to sell himself.

"I'm not a Shakespearian actor, but you don't do Shakespearian movies," he told Golan assuredly. "You believe in action films, and I'm trying to show you I'm an action guy who can do special things with my body. I can do anything I want, and I'm gonna make you so much money."

When Van Damme sat down again, Golan instructed his secretary to bring in the script for *Bloodsport*. Golan said: "You want to be a star? I'll make you

a star. You're gonna be the lead in this movie. You have a lawyer and an agent?"

"No," said Van Damme, "but I will tomorrow." Golan signed him to a three-picture deal, and Van Damme was lucky: *Bloodsport* was filmed in Hong Kong, so he didn't need a green card. (He's since acquired one.) He earned \$50,000 playing an American soldier who competes in the Kumite, an outlawed martial arts competition in Hong Kong. The actor says that *Bloodsport* cost less than \$1.5 million to produce. It went on to earn \$35 million in theatres, plus an additional \$12 million in video revenues.

Hollywood's collective ears perk up when figures like that are reported. Van Damme completed his Cannon contract by starring in *Cyborg* and *Death Warrant*, and then continued with low-rent movies in *Black Eagle*, *Kickboxer*, and *Lionheart*.

"The best of those films cost less than \$3 million to produce, and all of them were profitable," he says. "Afterwards, I knew I could look every studio executive and producer I'd dealt with in the eye and say: 'You've made lots of money with me.'"

By now, so has Van Damme. He received \$600,000 for *Double Impact*, \$1.5 million for *Universal Soldier* and will be paid \$3.5 million for his next

film, *Crossing the Line*. A good chunk of his earnings have been invested in real estate: he and his wife, Gladys Portugues (a former world-class bodybuilder), and their children, Kristopher, five, and Bianca, one, live on a \$2-million spread located about 45 minutes north of Hollywood.

Moviegoers around the world now know that Van Damme can stage acrobatic film fights. The remaining question is whether or not he can act. "Truthfully, all the movies I've made have felt like acting, because when you fight karate and you don't get hurt, you're faking the pain, you're faking everything," he says. "But I know I have to make huge improvements in every other area, and I think I already have. In terms of acting, *Double Impact* was a small step above my other pictures, and I've taken more small steps — including comedy — in *Universal Soldier*. It's unrealistic to think you can go from A to Z in one jump. These last two films have certainly gotten me beyond straight karate, and I'll be taking more steps in every movie I do."

Van Damme hopes eventually to star in epic adventures (he's a great admirer of classics like *Ben Hur* and *Spartacus*) and love stories. "But I'd never do a love story that doesn't have action — why disappoint my audience? Why change?" he asks.

"I think that's what's happened to Sylvester Stallone. Stallone's a good actor — anyone who's made movies like *Rocky* and the first *Rambo* has to be good — but now he's changing, and I don't know what he's doing. I sense that he's confused and looking for something different. He should follow his own instincts and not listen to other people."

Not too many years from now, Van Damme thinks he'll be polished enough to play lead roles in films like *Bugsy*. "I know it's difficult when a guy like me, coming from karate, says that, but I'm gonna be there for sure," he promises. "I love challenges. If you don't have any and can do whatever you want, then it's probably time to die."

Van Damme hasn't modelled himself after anyone, including his favorite actors — Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, and Montgomery Clift. He knows that at the moment he's hot property, but also realizes that doesn't count for much.

"You never know what's going to happen," he says. "We may have a war in two days, or I may go down in a plane crash next week. Right now I know what kind of roles I want to play, and I'm booked for the next five years. By then I think I'll be very big in movies, but if I'm wrong and I'm finished in five years, I know what I'll do: I'll go back to Belgium and open up another gym — and I'll do it without regrets." O+



camille





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Although 23-year-old Camille was born in Australia, she spent her youth on the tropical isle of Vanuatu. "I loved my childhood. I loved the island, the languages, the climate, the culture — everything." The 34-26-34 Pet, who speaks fluent French, found that her tropical paradise was lacking only one thing — a partner.

paradise found

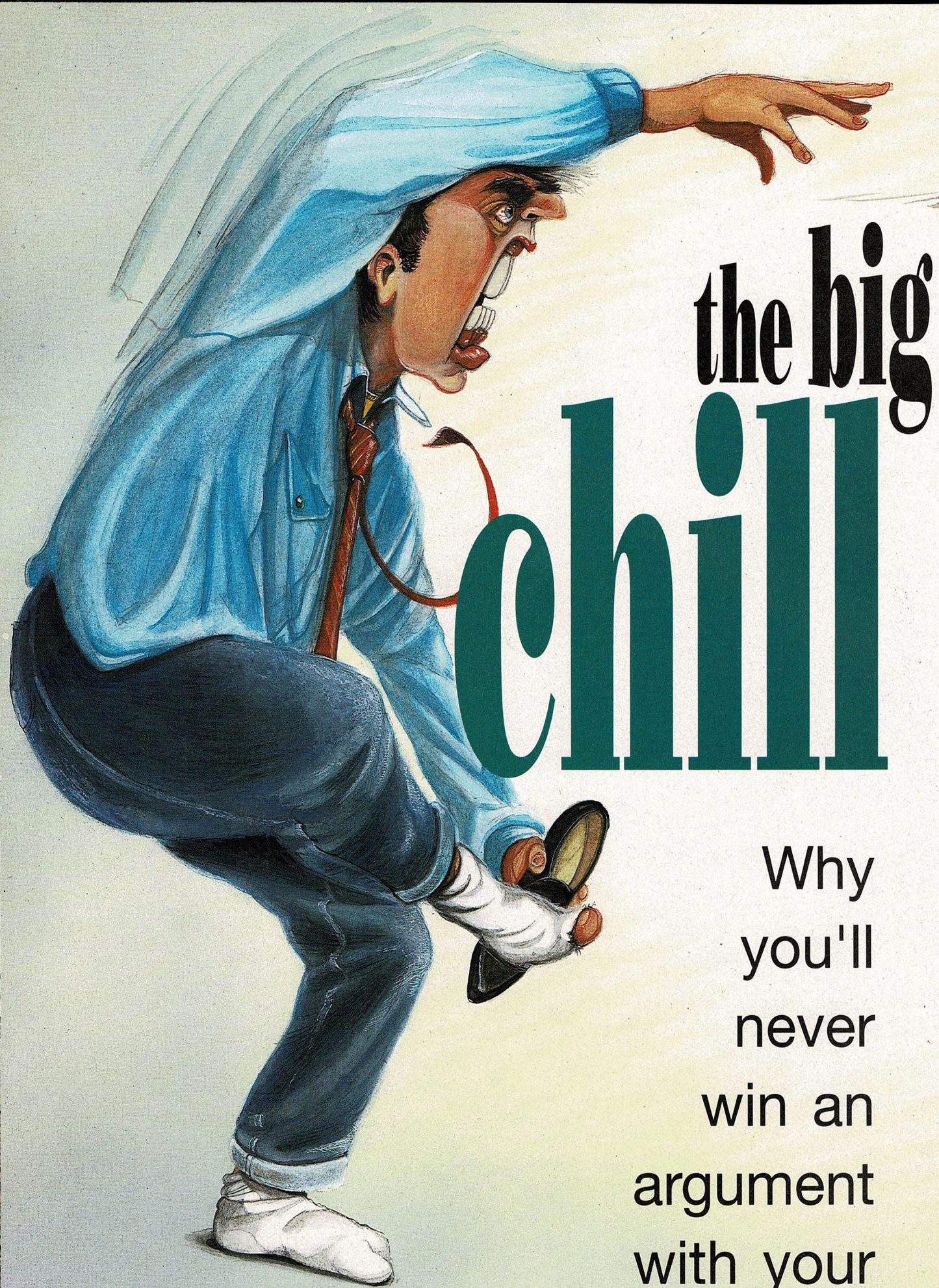




The story has a happy ending though. While touring Oz on a motorbike, Camille met her soul-mate at a petrol station. And now, with new lover in tow, Camille plans to return to her beloved island. "I'll be honest. I want to take him there for a dirty weekend ... no make that a dirty week. Better still, a dirty year."







the big chill

Why
you'll
never
win an
argument
with your
lover

LOBBECKE

HUMOUR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LÖBBECKE

There are couples who claim they don't fight.

"We *never* argue," they smirk sweetly. I have

nothing against these pathetic wimps. I just

don't believe them. Statistics show that the

average couple actually argues 15 times more

often than they have sex.

These spats are more complex, time-consuming and demanding than sex. When

sex is over, that's usually that. When an

argument is apparently over, one has to lurch

around in the middle of the night looking for

spare bedding, or storm out,



the big chill

then storm back in again bellowing: "And another thing..."

There are thousands of "How To Fuck" manuals but wouldn't it make sense to gain a deeper understanding of the lover's quarrel? Here, then, is the *Penthouse* Guide to Domesticity. Note that there is no advice on how to win one. A winnable domestic is like a winnable global thermo-nuclear exchange. Everything would be obliterated and once you'd won, would you really want to live there anyway?

TIMING

A typical domestic is a nightmare combination of personality, character assassination, betrayal and bad soap opera.

Some people feel that once a month is often enough, while others get anxious if they don't have a row before midday.

Mood is everything in the picking of a fight. Given the right frame of mind, anyone can start an absolutely apocalyptic domestic over how to boil an egg, who used the keys last, or the choice of wine at dinner.

There are, however, gender-specific methods of inciting domestic disputes that it pays to be aware of.

HERS

As everyone knows, women are more sensitive and better at communicating than men. These qualities lead to some of the ugliest and most vitriolic argu-

ments known to mankind. Women feel most communicative during some pre-dawn hour when you and her are post-coitally entwined and about to fall asleep together. As you're embracing REM slumber, a wicked feminine muse prompts her to utter something along the lines of:

(a) Darling, do you really trust me? or

(b) Darling, do you like my green jeans or are you just saying you do? or

(c) Darling, do you think our relationship will last?

Being more or less asleep at this stage, men tend to reply: "Slog, durp, nnnngghh, zzzz..."

At this point she becomes enraged and accuses her partner of:

(a) Never having loved her, or

(b) Never listening to her and being emotionally dysfunctional, or

(c) Having an affair.

This exchange ends with either her retreating to the far-flung corners of the bed with the doona, hissing: "We never talk any more...", or with a full-blown domestic complete with the bloke asleep on the bathroom floor dreaming about being in a bar with Clint Eastwood, while his lover frets herself to sleep thinking with grim relish about what an insensitive prick he is.

Women's sensitivity means that they're more aware of tone and nuance than men. This has many advantages, but it means a man may make even an innocent statement such as, "All right, all right, we'll go to the fucking party, then," and be instantly shot down in

flames by a blood-curdling wail.

Men, being ignorant of tone and nuance, cherish the notion that if they speak slowly, clearly and in a woman's native tongue, they will be understood literally.

But many a man has been crucified on tone and nuance. It can even be dangerous for a man to breathe. Tone-and-nuance-based domesticity often wind up with him bellowing that he will not be censored for his every sigh and her confirmed in her view of him as a mute pig.

HIS

Men have an innate fear and respect for the female species. So much so that they fully expect the woman they live with to be not only psychic, but telekinetic. A man has but to say: "Honey, where are...?" and she'll reply: "At the back of the wardrobe underneath your pile of old socks."

And then he will stand there naked, awaiting the materialisation of the garment before him. But one day there will come a dark, evil dawn whence he will bellow: "Where are my clean jeans ... why are they never...?" and find himself face to face with the Medusa herself.

While her hair may not have turned into a writhing nest of serpents, the bloke will still end up standing petrified, exposed to the blowtorch of a classic female freak-out.

Every woman — even those who throw out their cutlery and knickers rather than having to wash them — is terrified of becoming a dishwatery old hag, physically deformed from bending down to pick up an endless trail of skidmarked underdaks, hovering in the shadows with a box of detergent under one arm and a bottle of Spray 'n' Wipe in the other. Women believe that, left to their own devices, they'd never be like that on their own. It's you that's driving her to it.

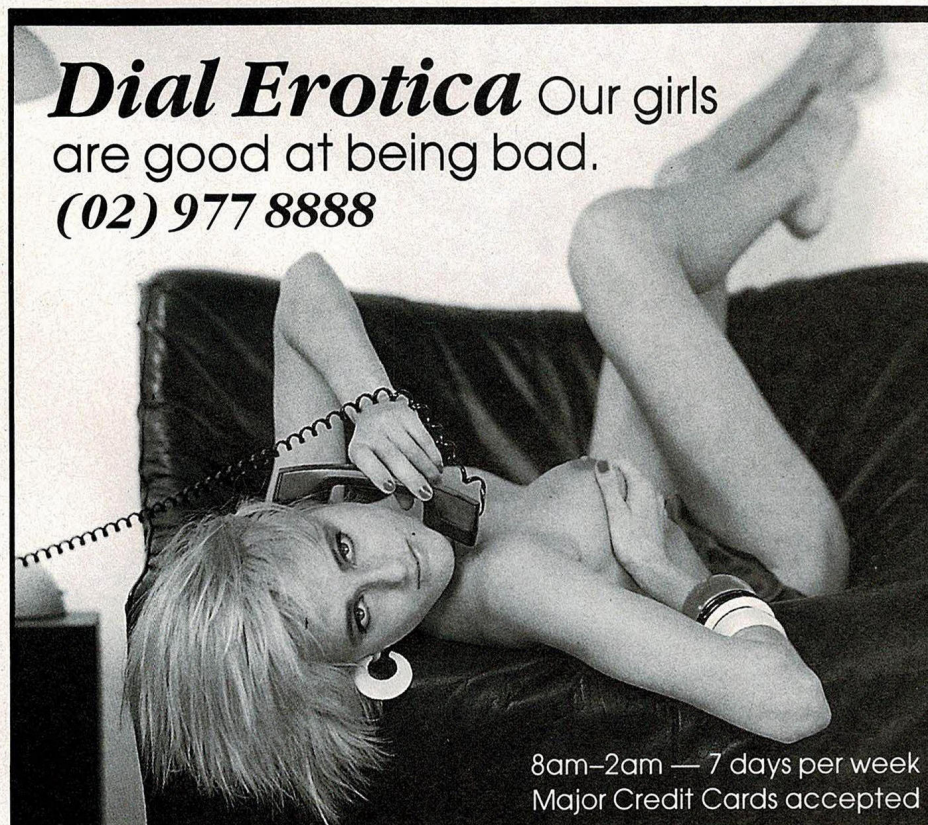
Men are also victims of their very own hormonal fluctuations. Or rather, women fall prey to these.

It seems that testosterone rises and falls with frightening rapidity within just a few hours. This astonishing discovery explains the extremes of mood exhibited so frequently by men and so often assigned to the Gentler Sex.

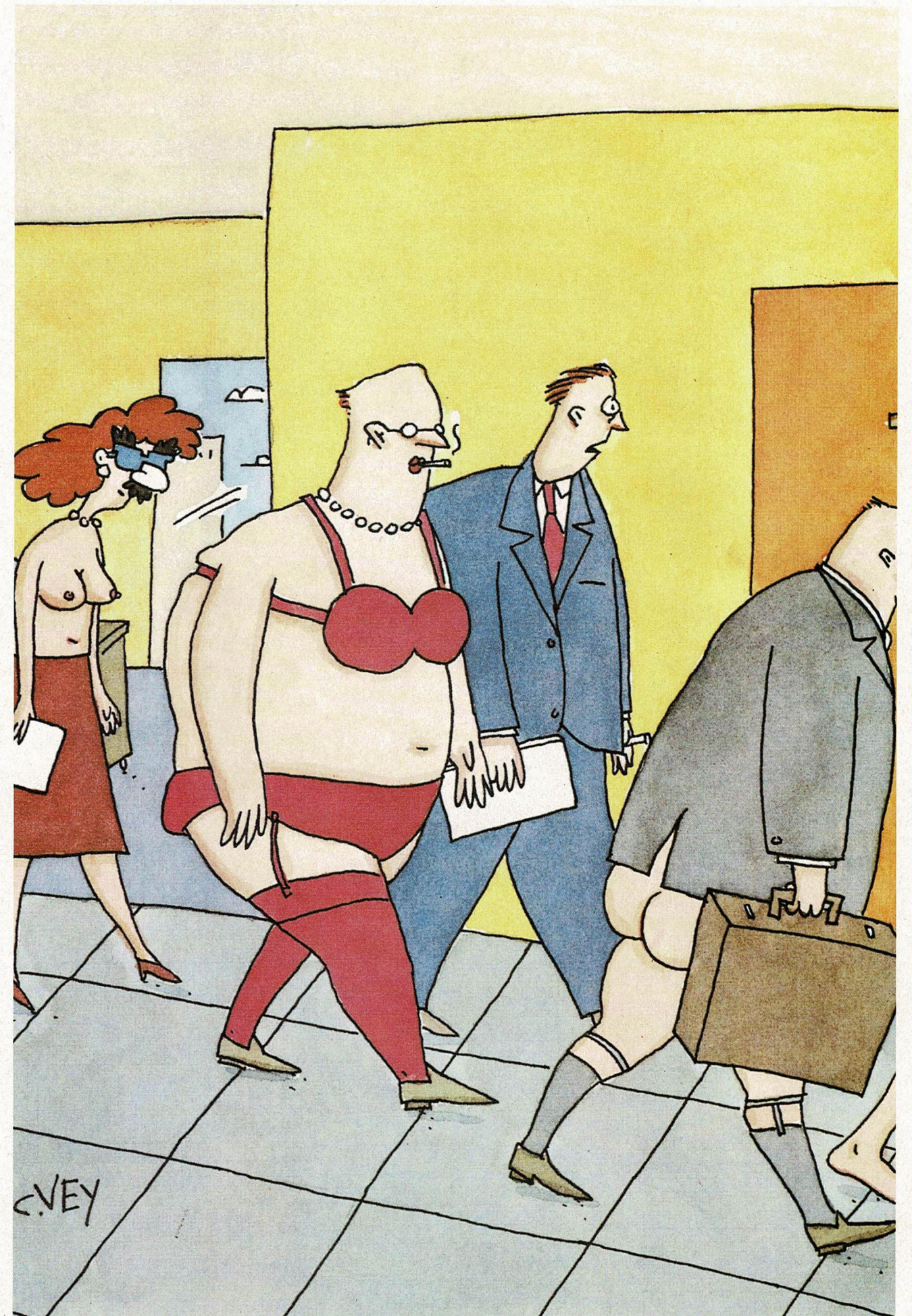
While PMT can cause a woman to temporarily transmogrify into a homicidal maniac, a man can be even more irrational. The very same bloke who refuses to take his woman out for cocktails one evening on the grounds that it's dumb and would cost too much, can experience a sudden testosterone surge and spend the next 24 hours shouting drinks for whole barfuls of

Continued on page 94

Dial Erotica Our girls are good at being bad.
(02) 977 8888



8am-2am — 7 days per week
Major Credit Cards accepted



"I hate it when these board meetings fall on a full moon."

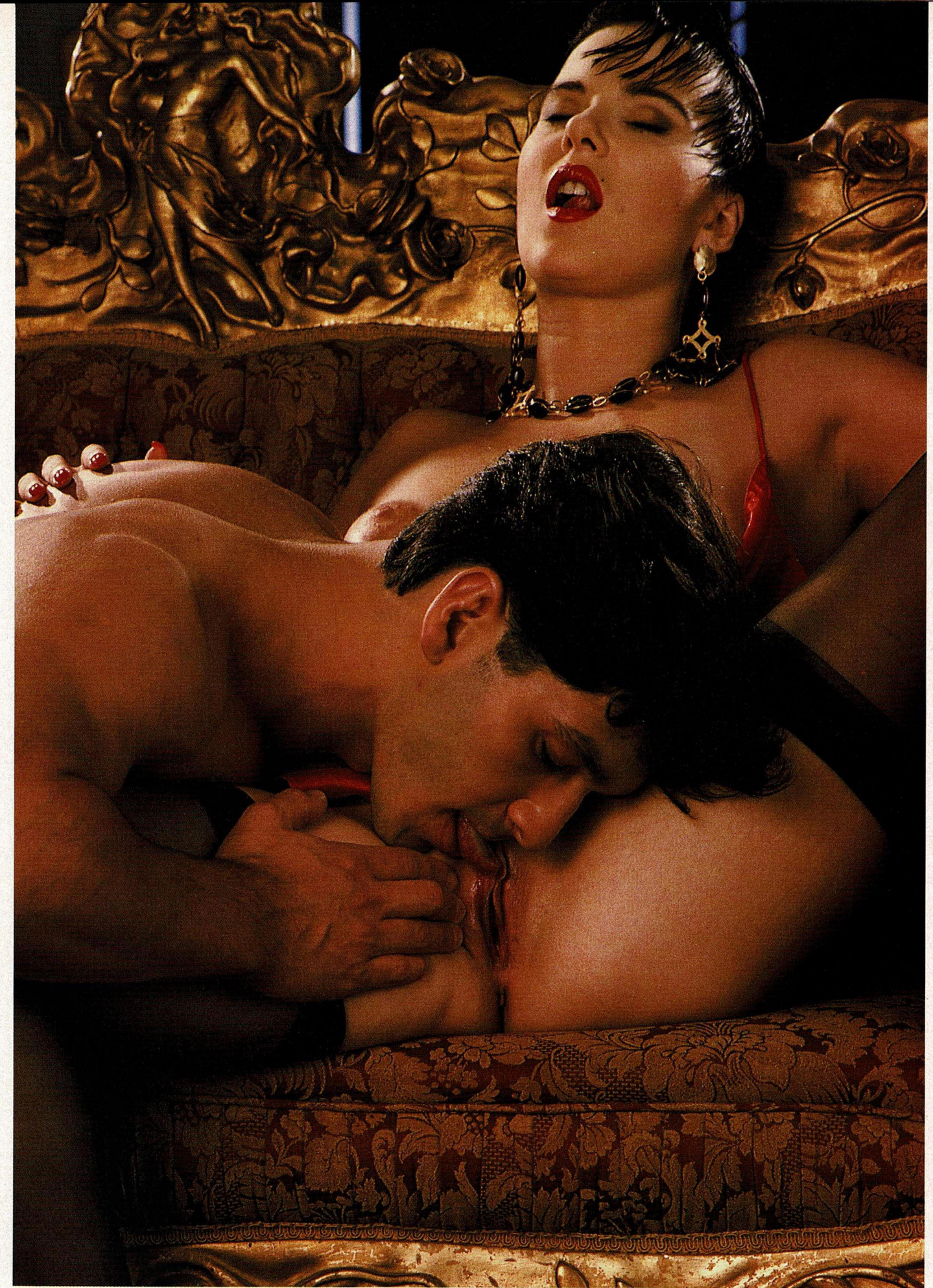
hostile takeover



Photography by Suze Randall

Frank was a corporate executive with big aspirations and a wily plan. Yet one person stood in his way — Christa, the chief executive's spoilt daughter who fiercely protected her father's interests. Unknown to Frank, she had designs of her own.



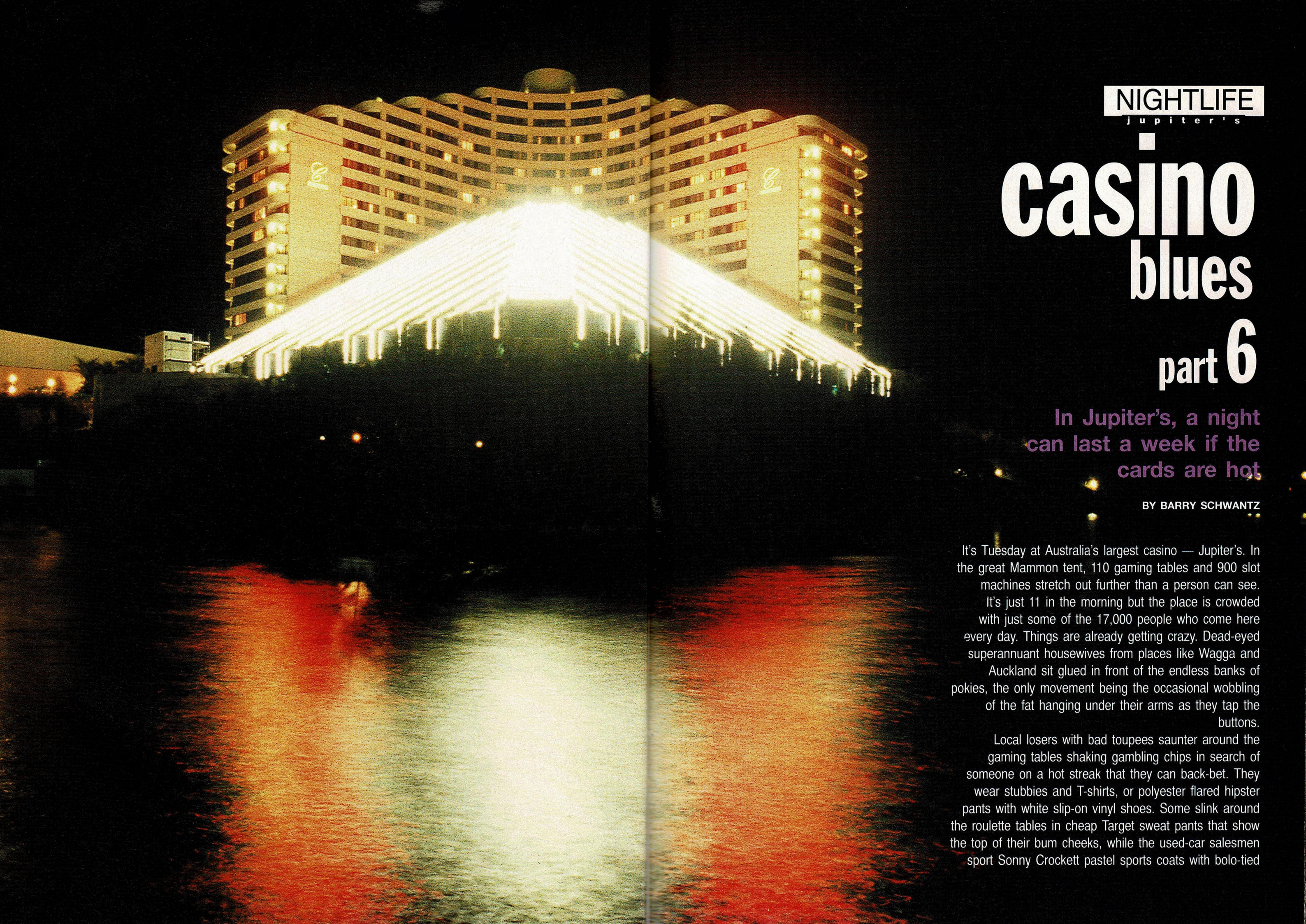




In the hope of gaining her as an ally, Frank called a late-night meeting to reveal his proposals to Christa. Frank explained his desires and promised to cut her in on the deal. Christa listened patiently then agreed. She added only one stipulation. They had to be equal partners. What could Frank do? He had to merge.







NIGHTLIFE
jupiter's

casino blues

part 6

In Jupiter's, a night
can last a week if the
cards are hot

BY BARRY SCHWANTZ

It's Tuesday at Australia's largest casino — Jupiter's. In the great Mammon tent, 110 gaming tables and 900 slot machines stretch out further than a person can see.

It's just 11 in the morning but the place is crowded with just some of the 17,000 people who come here every day. Things are already getting crazy. Dead-eyed superannuant housewives from places like Wagga and Auckland sit glued in front of the endless banks of pokies, the only movement being the occasional wobbling of the fat hanging under their arms as they tap the buttons.

Local losers with bad toupees saunter around the gaming tables shaking gambling chips in search of someone on a hot streak that they can back-bet. They wear stubbies and T-shirts, or polyester flared hipster pants with white slip-on vinyl shoes. Some slink around the roulette tables in cheap Target sweat pants that show the top of their bum cheeks, while the used-car salesmen sport Sonny Crockett pastel sports coats with bolo-tied

NIGHTLIFE

jupiter's

casino blues

western shirts and cowboy boots.

Everyone looks desperate. Desperate for The Main Chance or some stroke of amazing luck in their pathetic lives.

The dealers perform robotically, rarely smiling or showing emotion. It's hard to act happy in a place where the punters are always losing their money.

Beyond the pokies, roulette wheels and two-up pit, the best odds in the house are being played at the blackjack tables.

This is where the Asians, and anybody else with any brains, congregate.

Among the Chinese, Japanese and Malaysians, there's a small white guy hunkered over the baize, banging his finger into the felt and commentating on the run of cards in an excited Scottish accent.

"Yes, yes, yes ... no, no, it's gotta be a ten, gotta be a ten, hit me [BANG!], again [BANG]."

"Jeeeesus," he says looking at the dealer and shaking a fistful of \$25 chips, "you're unlucky today aren't ya love ... walk under a ladder on the way in, didya?"

He has attracted spectators and back-bettors — partly because his enthusiasm for the world's most popular game is so infectious, but mostly because he's winning.

Cigar smoke and funny quips pour out of the dark-haired restless dynamo in the black sports coat as the punters jockey to bet behind him. There's plenty of room because he's on a run and is playing three boxes at once.

This is Mike Mansfield's office, and he'll spend the next 30 hours at work.

The call came the day before. It was Mike Mansfield calling from the Gold Coast — \$1000 up and talking with the kind of speed that means every conversation ends mid-sentence and replies are ignored.

Being a professional blackjack player and card counter, Mike is constantly paranoid. One previous meeting was arranged in Sydney through a mutual friend with the only undertaking for further contact being: "I'll call you from Jupiter's." No names, no numbers.

Paranoia is rife. A person who counts cards at a casino's table is not welcome in the house and can be asked to leave. A player who can track cards through the

six-pack shoe can shift the odds in his favour, and can increase his chances of winning. Casinos don't like carefully calculated odds being moved by people who are too smart to lose.

Casino is Italian for "house of fun" — and fun it can be as long as you don't fuck with the house's margin.

When Mike's call came, he wouldn't give a contact number and decided against a meeting place. "Just wander around the tables, mate, you'll see me — I'll be the only one smiling."

"Never play to get even; never play with scared money; never play with borrowed money and never bet the rent," says Mike, stubbing out yet another mini-cigar as his soup arrives at one of the casino's many restaurants.

It's a break he didn't want to take. Blackjack is work and time is money. The 45-year-old has been going since 9am and by 2pm he reluctantly cashes out for \$1650 and takes me to lunch. He's happy with the morning's work but it doesn't stop his eyes constantly flashing around his environment, looking for the danger signs that will mean his five-year career as a professional is over.

"You've just got to be so careful — if a casino thinks you're counting, they'll kick you out and you'll never play there again."

The anxiety suffered by card counters leads to mental games where a pro like



Rado La Coupole 'Céramique'. A beautiful watch that stays beautiful. In three sizes.

Fascinating beauty. Imperishable material.

Rado La Coupole 'Céramique' — a beautiful watch that stays beautiful. With a dome-shaped sapphire crystal and a supple, soft-as-velvet bracelet made of scratchproof high-tech ceramics. It hugs your wrist as though moulded to it.

RADO

Switzerland

A different world

For catalogues and stockists contact: SMH Australia Ltd. P.O. Box 456 Prahran Vic 3181, Tel: (03) 510 5301



NIGHTLIFE

jupiter's

casino blues

Mike will act like an "idiot" (slang for gambler) who seems as though he is just getting lucky. But luck has nothing to do with how Mike makes a living. Hard work, discipline and super-human concentration are what a blackjack exponent relies on if he wants to call himself a "player" rather than a "gambler" or an "idiot."

"Playing is business — gambling is losing," he says.

A player's system for winning can seem mind-boggling to the average punter who walks away from a table with less money than when he sat down.

People like Mike use two systems to swing the house's slight advantage to a small advantage to themselves. That small advantage can turn into thousands of dollars, but only when the game is played for long periods of time.

Firstly he plays "basic strategy", which

is a mathematically devised method of hitting or sitting, depending on what the dealer has dealt to himself. It's a strategy that most blackjack punters are aware of — there are numerous books and guides on the system and at Jupiter's you can buy the system guide before going into the casino. Some of the dealers will even tell you what to do with certain cards if you seem unsure.

But even playing the system to the letter, the house still retains a tiny margin that statistically means the casino will always win in the long run.

Players like Mike use a second strategy to gain a winning edge. Known as "counting" or "tracking", the aim of the method is to know what cards are likely to be dealt by remembering what cards have come before. It's harder than it sounds, considering that places like Jupiter's deal from a six-pack shoe which only yields five packs before the shoe is finished and reshuffled to start a new one.

To track the cards, Mike gives certain cards plus or minus values and keeps score. As the end of the shoe comes close, he has calculated a set of probabilities that certain cards will fall. It's not a fail-safe method, but over a playing session of four or five hours, it can be the difference between winning and losing.

It's also a tremendously draining way to make a dollar. There are no tricks for maintaining the intense concentration over

what can be either a two or a 30-hour session — it's a skill you either have or you don't. Mike's only rules are no alcohol and no meaningful conversation.

Then he gets edgy sitting in the restaurant and wants to get back to a table. Before we can leave, a pasty-faced bloke in his early forties sidles up to the table like a spy. He exchanges nervous greetings with Mike (who he knows by another name) and gives a run-down of his morning. The visitor keeps a suspicious eye on me as the coded conversation goes on in fits and starts.

When the bloke leaves, Mike rolls his eyes.

"Fuck, I hate that — he's one guy who should know better."

He won't divulge the guy's name, but Mike was sitting next to him at a blackjack table in Perth when the unnamed man was ejected for counting.

"They waited till he was \$1500 down and then sprung him, and now he's up here and talking to me. Christ, I hate that — he knows the rules."

The rules between card counters mean you don't acknowledge each other, and most counters seem to use an alias when they do communicate.

But while Mike is looking for another \$25 minimum table, a different pasty-faced

continued on page 104

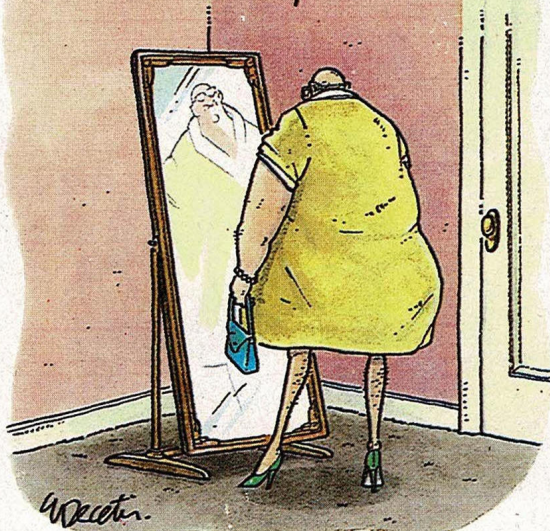
GREAT MOMENTS

IN

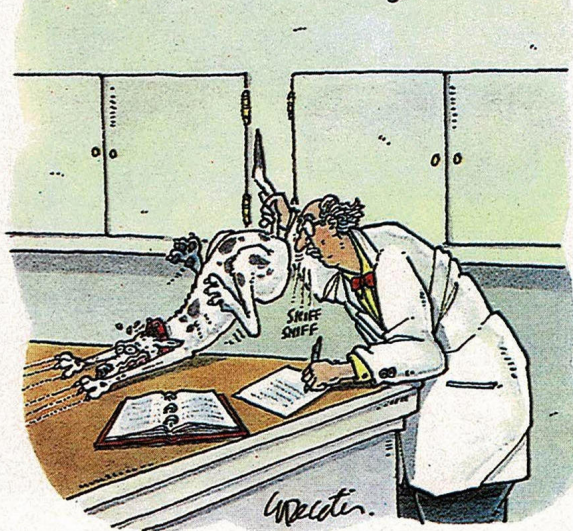
HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

Howard felt ridiculous. His purse and shoes were completely mismatched.



Early studies in canine gynecology.



Alison



After a decade of dedication to the gym, Australia's middleweight body building champion Alison Eyre wants out.



What does it take to build the best body in Australia? If you're not born with it, that is? Alison Eyre set out as a 17-year-old with a 72kg weight problem and enough determination to do something about it. She started aerobics classes, but then got a crush on a "guy who owned a gym", and decided that a personal program would be a very good idea.

Most people are happy just to trim up and look sharp, but Alison took it further. Not only was she going to build herself a good body, she wanted to be the best in the country. A tough call for an overweight kid starting out at ground zero, but she's got a resolute streak that makes a runaway freight train look meek and mild.

Ten years later, she has it in the bag. She won the prize title — Miss Australia Body Building (middleweight) — not once, but twice, just to make sure. She's a long way from ground zero now, and she knows it.

All the same, success came at a cost. When all her friends were in their late teens and early twenties, they were out sampling the bright lights. Alison, however, was busy training, eating and sleeping.

"I trained six days a week," she says, "with no social life, no drinking, no partying. All my friends were into the boys and into trying out the drugs and going out partying till six in the morning. I had to be in bed by 10 o'clock every night to get up and train in the morning. I missed out on all the things that my friends were doing from 17 to 25."

The International Federation of Body Building has two categories for women — body shaping, otherwise known as "figure", which concentrates on firmness and tone, and body building or "physique" which concentrates more on muscle size. Alison began training for figure, but, she says, there were limitations.

"A figure girl is not an athlete," she explains, "and I'm an athlete. So my only choice, if I wanted to be who I wanted to be, and train the way I wanted to train, was to go physique. And with the IFBB, physique girls are very pleasant looking. They don't look like

Time Out

men. People have got this preconceived idea of what a woman body builder looks like."

Training was tough — two hours in the morning, two at night. Of that, an hour and a half was taken up with weights, with half an hour of aerobics to wind down.

"You're very restricted in what you can do," says Alison. "You can't go running, for instance, because it burns muscle. Most of my training was inside, away from fresh air." Weight training always involved maximum load. There was no cut-off point, she explains, because there are no limitations: your body adjusts to a certain load, so you increase the load and keep going.

She became acquainted with pain. "I learned to endure and actually love pain. Any pain — even pain in relationships — makes you strong. I adore that pain, it means that I'm getting where I want to go. Pain is part of being at the top."

Food, too, became a matter of routine. She had to eat six times a day, and in quantities that would make the average person choke. Breakfast would be a big bowl of oats, protein powder, a tin of fruit, three pieces of toast. Then, three hours later (when she was still full) she would tackle a can of tuna and a couple of cups of rice. Then, for lunch, she'd have chicken and salad; in the afternoon it would be a tub of cottage cheese and maybe ten rice cakes and then for dinner she'd eat fish, vegetables, potatoes and pasta.

"You're a machine, eating to get where you want to be. You're not eating for the pleasure or the taste. So you can't go out to eat. And four months before a competition, your whole social life ends. There's no staying out past ten at night, you have to train

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM WATSON





two or three times a day, working in between. I was managing a gym, so I was around it all the time. I woke up in the morning thinking about body building, went to bed at night thinking about body building and there was basically no escape."

Alison trained for eight years before deciding she was ready to compete. She dislikes entering a competition unless she's sure she'll win. Her first competitions in physique were the Oceania and South Pacific championships, both of which she won. The next step was the Australian title. "All the TV people were there. I knew I was the best and I knew I could win. When I did win, it was like, all the odds were against me. But it was a very small line-up, and I didn't feel like it was a big enough challenge. I wanted to be part of a big line-up where people could say, she really won that."

"So the next year came, and there were eight girls and they were all fabulous. And at the weigh-in I looked at them all and thought, I'm going to do this. And I won that, and it was great big high, like, now I'm the best in Australia. Then all off a sudden I went really low, because, where next? There's got to be something else."

There was. Alison was selected to go over to Spain to compete in the World Championships for Australia. It was a different game, she discovered. There were 86 women competing, and they were all huge.

"They were so big and so masculine that I had to stand back and take a look them and think: 'Well, here I am at the World Championships. Is there anybody here that I want to be like? Is there anybody here that is the epitome of what I consider a female body builder?'"

"Of the 86 women, there was not one in that whole line-up that I ever wanted to look like. So there I was, and it wasn't where I wanted to be. It was a big turning point."

Alison considered her options. The women on the international circuit all looked too hard. Their muscles were cross-striated. "I mean, a woman can't get like that, normally. In ten years I've not achieved that. I've achieved beautiful, full muscles. I compete at 57kg. I can't get any mass. After ten years if I'm only 57kg and I started off at 72kg when I was overweight, and I'm half the size I was, then I can't see the possibility of getting that extreme muscle mass without the use of drugs."

Basically, the decision whether or not to commit herself to the international circuit involved making a parallel decision about drugs.

"You've got to turn around and say, where do I want to go? Do I want to be world champion forever, or do I want to be happy in myself, do I want to have a relationship and, ultimately, do I want to have children?"

It's likely, she says, that women on steroids become sterile. The majority of top female body builders, probably 95 percent, don't have children.

So she returned home and thought about it. And then stunned her colleagues and family by announcing her retirement. Enough was enough.

"I've been so in control," she says, "and all of a sudden I can be a real rebel. I don't want to be disciplined any more. I want to go out with my friends and say, yeah, I'll have that piece of cake and I want to go out and not have to be home till six in the morning. I've achieved a lot, but I haven't enjoyed a lot."

"Now I can enjoy my life. When I announced my retirement the Sunday before at a competition, I woke





up on the Monday morning and thought, I'm free, I don't have to train today!"

She's free from more than training. For instance, she's got her libido back. Weight training on a serious scale suppresses oestrogen, and in those days, Alison wasn't thinking very much about sex. Her last relationship was with a bodybuilder. They had sex maybe once a fortnight. It was a real effort, Alison says, because she had no sex drive at all.

A month out of training, her sex drive has returned with a vengeance. "Maybe it's all that suppressed energy, and my body's back to normal for the first time, and I still look good and feel good about myself. And now I want it, I want it all the time. I think about it 24 hours a day. The only thing I thought about for 24 hours a day was body building, and now it's sex."

She's also smoking, drinking, staying out late and generally having fun. She's achieved everything she wanted to, and she's happy to take time out to relax.

She still encounters pre-conceptions about women body builders: "When I go out to nightclubs — I mean, I've worked ten years to get this body — and they come up to me and say, you know, wow, are you a body builder? And I say, yeah, I am. And they say, wanna arm-wrestle?"

But, she says, appearing in *Penthouse* has been a feather in her cap. After all, what woman doesn't want to be desirable? When she was body building, her main aim was to have a perfect body. But she still wanted to be sexy. "I never ever wanted girls to look at me and say, oh yuck, or guys to look at me and say, oh God, I wouldn't want to tackle that! I wanted girls to envy me."

So appearing in *Penthouse* as a woman, not as an athlete, has been the icing on the cake. "It's going against the IFBB's ideas. They believe that athletes are athletes and they're made to stand up on stage and they're there for us. Well I'm not here for them, I'm here for me. And so for me to turn around and say, I can be Miss Australia, I can be the best bodybuilder in Australia and I can also be a *Penthouse* cover girl, you know, how many body builders can say that?" 







the big chill

Continued from page 68

drongos that he doesn't even know.

Or he'll ask a woman to help him to smoke and drink less one moment, and then whip round and accuse her of nagging half an hour later.

WHAT TO FIGHT ABOUT

As I've said, it's possible to pick an argument over anything. Indeed, my bloke recently picked a magnificent row over a nightmare he'd had in which I married an acquaintance of his without telling him.

But when starting a fight it's most rewarding to stick to one or more of the three great classics: sex, money and family.

You'll also find that if a row seems to be going a bit flat, ie, your opponent actually attempts to defuse the domestic by apologising, an injection of one of these traditional topics will have you rowing well into the middle of the night.

It's difficult to argue about sex, money or family in the early stages of a relationship, but given familiarity, stored-up bitterness and some shared confidences that can be hurled back in your partner's face, you'll soon have an ample arsenal.

Here are a few good starting points:

SEX

To squabble over sex, simply follow the advice of self-help sex gurus. Go ahead and communicate those secret desires. Share your sexual fantasies. Be honest about your previous lovers' bodies and what they used to do to you. Try fucking "by the book" and pull your partner up on any lapses. Hint darkly that if you don't get what you want, you may be forced to look elsewhere.

MONEY

For a furious fiscal fracas, roll your eyes and sigh heavily whenever your partner makes an expenditure. Condemn her spending as wanton extravagance while justifying your own as pure and necessary. When your partner counter-attacks, have ready an example of her worst and most embarrassing misuse of financial resources.

FAMILY

Each member of the opposing sex is initially at such pains to like one another's folks that they're unrecognisable. Blokes sit down with their fathers-in-law to quaff beer that they loathe and embrace football codes that they've sworn to annihilate.

Girls do up their top buttons, comb

their hair and suddenly become keenly interested in the keeping of a freezer diary to record all the casseroles they make "for a rainy day."

This stage of affairs lasts for about two-and-a-half hours. After that, one learns that while your partner can slag his/her own family to the grave, for you to even open your mouth about them in a negative manner is to invite Armageddon. Bickering about family members is like watching a horror movie — only, instead of screaming to yourself: "Don't go back into the house!" you're silently screaming: "Don't bring up his mother, don't bring up his mother..."

But in horror movies people *always* go back into the house. And in fights about families you *always* do bring up his mother.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE MODERN DOMESTIC

Since the advent of modern psychology, domestics have increased in ferocity and frequency. People who once would have screamed: "You're fucked in the fucking head" are now able to screech: "You're inadequate, repressed and dysfunctional!"

Then the accused party can yell back: "Projection! Transference! No, you've got the complex, baby... Primal guilt!"

continued on page 96



Club Tropical
PORT DOUGLAS



Escape and
indulge your
Penthouse
fantasy . . .

Relaxed informality



privacy
luxury
discover the
uninhibited
freedom of

the Barrier Reef,

Rainforest and

Club Tropical Resort

Toll Free Phone: 008 07 9069
Wharf St Port Douglas Qld Australia

MILLER MEDIA - CT 1403AP

Tiffany's

"We love you
— always"

NIGHT & DAY 99 ALBION ST. SURRY HILLS
(02) 212 1195 (02) 211 3804

the big chill

continued from page 94

It's ironic, then, that one of psychology's most lucrative areas is marriage guidance counselling. Some of the world's worst domestics have taken place in the consulting rooms of marriage guidance counsellors.

Take the example of a husband who was dragged off to corrective counselling to cure his chronic jealousy. Everything was going fine until he leapt over the desk and tried to throttle the shrink, whom he maintains to this day had been perving at his wife's legs.

Generally, couples seeking professional help will end up being instructed in the science of "constructive conflict." You could also call it civilised arguing, except that there is no such thing.

To save you the time, trouble and expense of counselling, here is a summary of the techniques and how they work:

Constructive conflict technique number one: Set an agenda to discuss the particular grievance; ie, you will resolve the issue of her flirtatious behaviour at the office Christmas party at a meeting in the kitchen between 8.15 and 8.30 on Tuesday night.

Witnesses from both sides will be called.

How it works in practice: You can't schedule a dispute. Mostly they fly out of nowhere with no warning, as in: "Oh — didn't you know I slept with Dianne?"

Constructive conflict technique number two: Agree to discuss only the present disagreement and not to bring up any other issues.

How it works in practice: This week's current grievance is always a sequel to the one before. It's impossible to have a good carp over the slapdash way someone parked the car without recalling someone's failure to have the kitchen tap fixed, which leads to someone else's habit of leaving hairballs in the bath, which leads to whose friends are the most stupid.

Constructive conflict technique number three: Rather than bitterly accusing the other party, simply state clearly and without blame how you feel about the matter. Don't say: "You are a loathsome, low-rent, low-life little tart with no breeding." Say: "I feel embarrassed and let down because you threw up in the back seat of my employer's car and then offered to give him a blow job when you were pissed out of your mind."

How it works in practice: You go along just fine for the first few statements. You feel rational and enlightened — well, almost. But then it

inadvertently goes off the rails slightly, and suddenly you're tacking "I feel" on to your usual insults and loopo accusations, as in: "I feel sick at the sight of you because you're a boring bastard and as for your fucking family... I feel..."

So much for psychology. Constructive conflict does, however, work well in the field of robotics.

RECONCILIATION

It's difficult to apologise — especially when it has been your 1200th anniversary domestic and you *know* you were right.

The words "I'm sorry" have already been devalued during the domestic, as in: "I'm sorry I'm not a toadying sycophant like you... as a matter of fact, I'm sorry I ever met you..."

And it's almost impossible for a human being to apologise without qualifying the apology: "I'm sorry I was so mean but you really were being disgusting and it wasn't my fault you stubbed your toe and I'm sorry but under the circumstances... I had no choice... you really are revolting... in fact, stuff it, I'm not sorry at all."

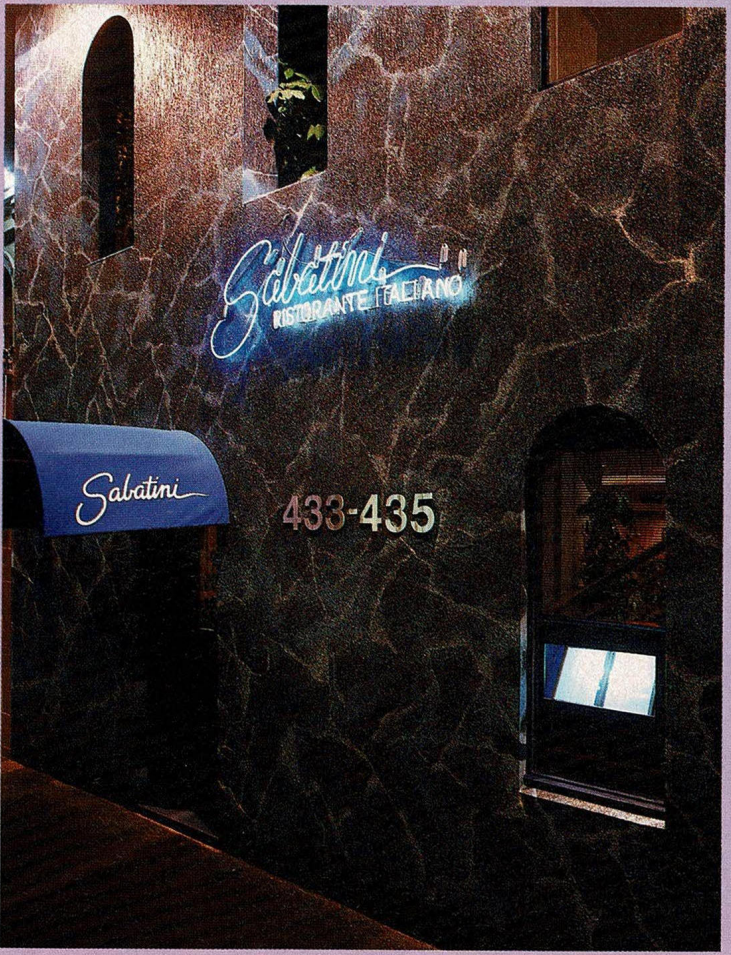
So go back to the beginning and start all over again. Or try the non-apologetic, wild, post-barney furious fuck method. That always works. 

leisure time

Photography by Daniel Mayor

Twenty-year-old Jamie embodies the dream of every worker. After wisely investing an inheritance left to her by her favourite uncle, Jamie never has to work again.





Explore the Sicilian Difference at

Sabatini
RISTORANTE ITALIANO

FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE FOOD

From the traditional Sicilian Cuisine with, of course, a little flair added, simple tradition and consistency is the key to success at Sabatini Ristorante.

Our uncompromising standards and attention to service really turn dining out into an experience.

Dine differently choosing platters of mixed provincial dishes, select one of many menu regulars, or try one of the chef's fine seasonal dishes.

We excel at special functions, for 6-100 people with private dining areas.

We would love to see you!

OPEN

Lunch Mon-Fri 12-3pm **Dinner** Mon-Sat 6-11pm

FULLY LICENSED

433-435 Elizabeth Street, Surry Hills

For Reservations—please phone 212 5550

This leaves the one-time office worker plenty of time to do whatever she wants. "I'm not fabulously wealthy, like a billionaire or something. I've just got enough to pay me a very decent wage for the rest of my life," says Jamie.

So what does the 34-24-34 Aries do with her time? "Nothing great, just visit friends, go to lunch, play music and lie around in bed. That's why I thought posing for *Penthouse* would be fun. It's something different. Believe me, I don't need the money."









*At 'The Apple'
we offer a professional
service. For men.
We pamper ...
We spoil ...
We indulge your every whim.
Because we understand.
Come in and experience
The Golden Apple service soon.
You won't be disappointed.*

The Golden Apple

City – Potts Point
356 3615 ■ 357 2556

For your convenience we recommend the
following suburban locations for the same
standard of excellence.

Chatswood 413 4990 ■ Homebush 763 1900
Parramatta 633 1690 ■ Seven Hills 671 6783

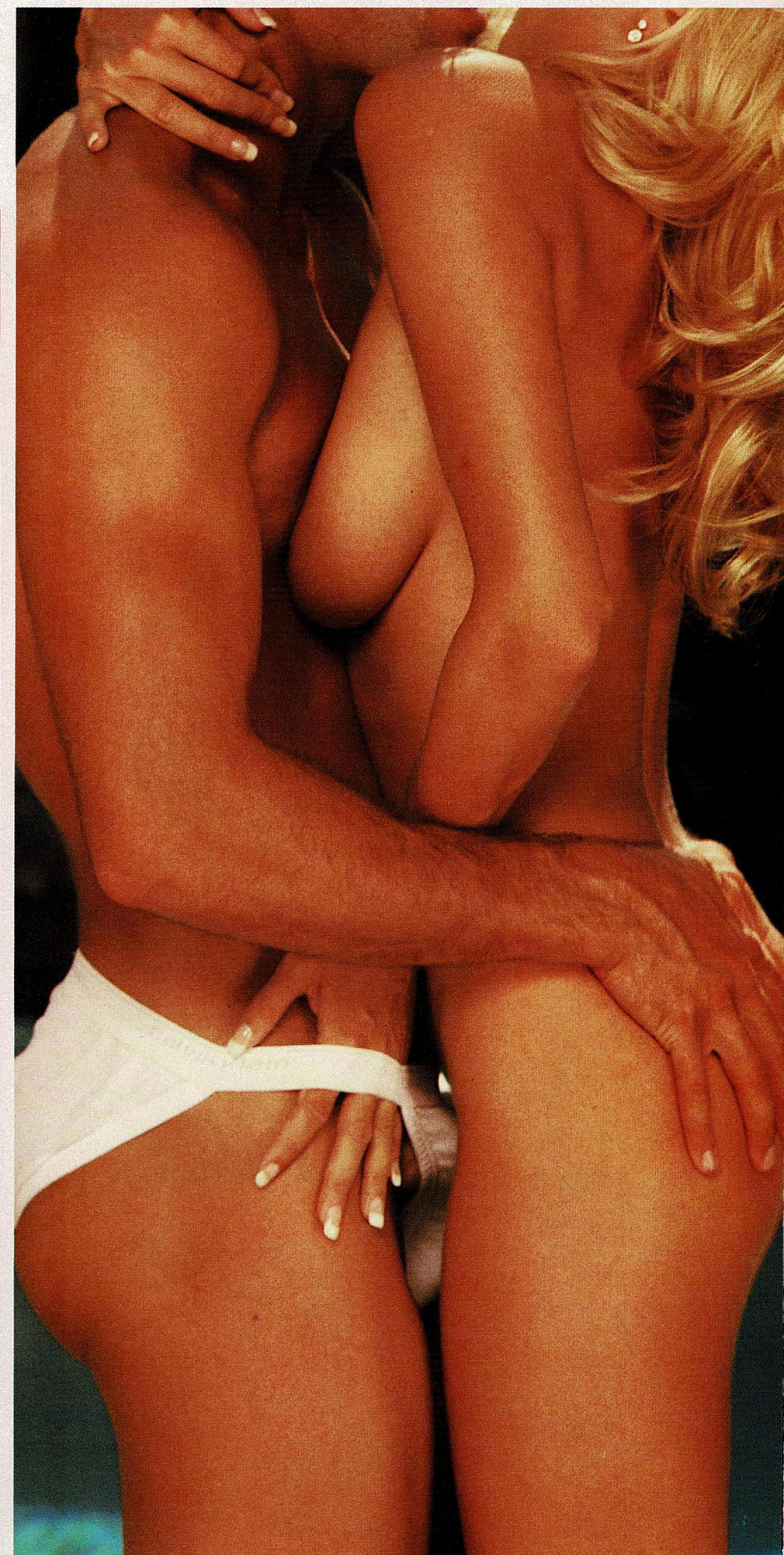
What'll it be Sir!



swimming MEET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DAVID

Robert had been training all week for the swimming meet. While working out in his backyard pool, he spied Elizabeth standing nearby. "I thought I could help you warm up," she said coyly. Robert welcomed the opportunity to show off his freestyle moves. Elizabeth reached for his starter pistol and the games began.







The two barely came up for air as they lay together on the sun-baked bricks. Their dark, sleek lines would have impressed any spectator. Whether or not Robert could break a new record or come home with a trophy remained to be seen. He had made a big splash with Elizabeth, and that was reason enough to feel like a winner.



NIGHTLIFE

jupiter's

casino blues

continued from page 82

man in his early forties joins us and says he is \$6000 up after four hours. He's got another story about someone who just took \$4000 away from his table and then talks about a bloke called "Ed" who has moved from Adelaide to Perth because "they were on to him."

Mike just wants to hear about the winning table, but as he looks over, everybody seems to be standing up and leaving.

"What's happening here?" he asks.

The other bloke points out a well-known Asian woman who has been given a warning for counting. The pit bosses are now milling around and the emotionless woman is moving away from the table with a couple of white men in her wake. The

two men are back-bettors who bet behind the woman. It is well-known in counting circles that she hates people back-betting her, but people do it anyway because they're allowed to and she usually wins.

By 9pm Mike is more than \$3000 up. It could be many times more but, like most card counters, Mike only plays the \$10 or \$25 tables in order not to attract attention. Still, it's not a bad earn considering he's only been in the casino for a total of 20 hours in three days.

Every player has his own methods, and Mike is no exception. The former cruise-ship musician plays in "sessions." These sessions can be anywhere from ten minutes to two days.

"If I don't win in the first five hands, I leave the table and go and get some fresh air. But if I keep hitting a run, I have been known to go for two days in one single session — there's nothing glamorous about it, it's just cards.

"There are no guarantees. Sometimes you're going to lose, but you can't get emotional about it. You have to remember that they're only cards and that the whole game is a mathematical equation — sooner or later the cards will fall for you again."

As the cards keep coming on Mike's crowded table, he spices the game with his constant murmured commentary about what's coming next and who's going to

get it. It's part "idiot" act and part concentration technique for card counting.

His fortunes come and go, but one losing bloke at the end of the table gets shitty when Mike does precisely the wrong thing on a hand. He's dealt a 17 (two cards) to the dealer's six (one card). The basic strategy for playing the hand is to sit, and force the dealer to draw and bust. But Mike's been on a six-hand losing run and breaks his own rules in attempting to change his run of cards.

Against all the mathematical and superstitious laws of blackjack, he hits and gets a four, making him 21.

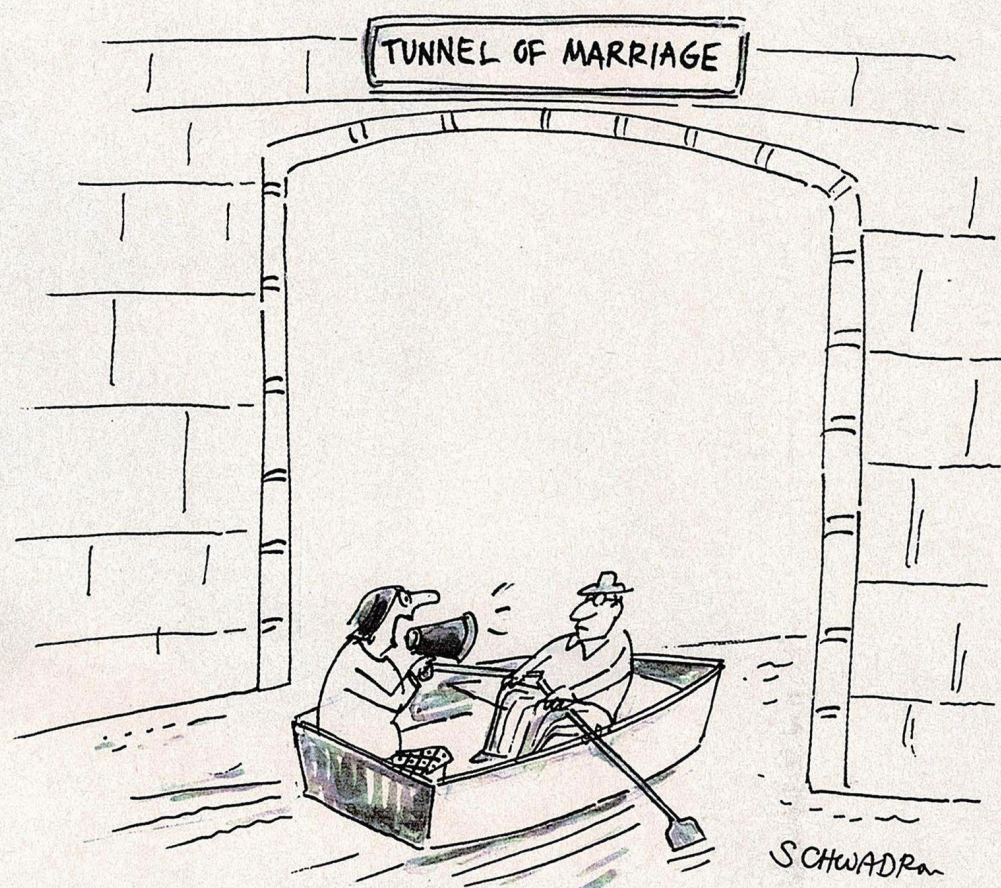
The bloke at the end of the table is horrified. Mike's move is a bad omen for the whole table, and when the angry bloke hits on a 13 and gets a jack, the snide comments start flying from the gambler. "Whaddya fucking doing — you fucked my cards up," the bloke seethes through cigarette smoke, obviously convinced that someone was responsible for his bad luck.

To make matters worse, the dealer busts after drawing a seven and a queen.

Mike ignores the gambler for a good three seconds before coming back at him: "Jesus pal, they're only cards — they don't think."

And so he continues into the night, taking the lows and the highs, the brickbats and the bouquets, but somehow

continued on page 108

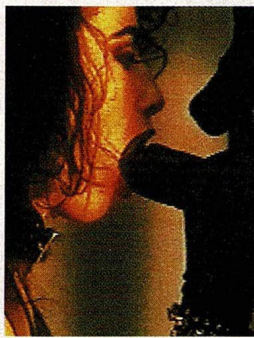


SCHWADRON

The sexy new men's fragrance



Australian Penthouse Black Label Edition Video



LES AMANTS MECHANQUES (The Mechanical Lovers) (Rated X)

From *Penthouse* France, this incredibly erotic, sensual and intimate journey through fantasy knows no limits and needs no other language than the universal sound of desire and pleasure. A rare opportunity to watch and enjoy hot, beautiful women satisfying their own deep sensual desires.

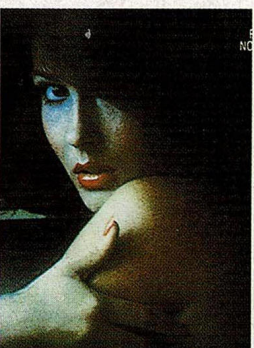
A Penthouse special for \$39.95.



PASSPORT TO PARADISE - HAWAII (Rated R)

Pack your bags for a holiday of a lifetime! Join five of our most beautiful international centrefolds and travel first-class to the steamy, dreamy shores of Hawaii where an all-over tan takes on a new meaning.

A holiday bargain at \$35.00.



THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE COLLECTOR'S EDITION (Rated R)

This is the best of everything in *Penthouse* magazine brought to life. Beautiful women with perfect bodies; attraction and seduction; fantasy and flesh; pleasure and satisfaction. Superb adult entertainment from the world's most successful magazine for men. **And only \$35.00.**

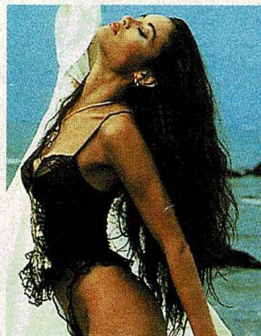
THE NEW BARBARIANS I (Rated X)

This sexual sword-and-sorcery epic from VCA is set in the long-forgotten days when men were barbarians interested only in satisfying their lust for sex, food and battle. Runs for over 80 minutes and stars the voluptuous Victoria Paris. **Great value at \$35.00.**



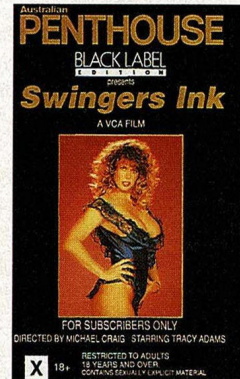
FOREIGN AFFAIRS: ALOHA HAWAII (Rated R)

A rare opportunity to join a *Penthouse* photographic shoot in Hawaii and meet five of our most beautiful international centrefolds. Go behind the scenes as every inch of their bare perfect bodies is photographed. **Pure pleasure for only \$35.00.**



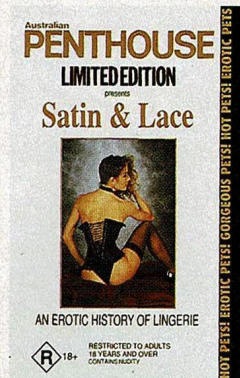
PENTHOUSE ON THE WILD SIDE (Rated R)

A collection of erotic adventures where nothing is forbidden and pleasure is the only rule. Plus *Penthouse's* exclusive nude photos of a young Madonna, and also a behind-the-scenes look at the filming of *Caligula*. Let the stunning Pets of *Penthouse* show you their wild side. **Superb entertainment for \$35.00.**



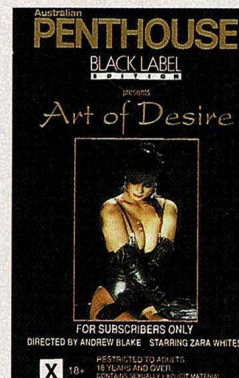
SWINGERS INK (Rated X)

Starring the delicious Tracey Adams, this raunchy and spicy VCA movie is about saving a failing sex magazine using the bed rather than the pen. **Ninety-five minutes of non-stop entertainment for only \$35.00.**



SATIN AND LACE (Rated R)

Penthouse's superb erotic history of lingerie is an alluring visual feast of unforgettable adult fantasy. Lace bras, sheer-black stockings, sexy suspender belts and stilettos to die for are the wrappings adorning the beautiful bodies of the *Penthouse* Pets. **Special Black Label Edition price \$35.00.**



ART OF DESIRE (Rated X)

Directed by Andrew Blake of *Night Trips* fame, nothing beats this movie for sheer quality, sensual pleasure and stunning Pets. Only available through this magazine together with our special introductory offer of one month's free subscription with every copy bought. **Exceptional value at \$42.50.**

NEW WAVE HOOKERS II

Australian Penthouse is very happy to be able to exclusively offer you the X-rated version of this new adult classic. This movie was the 1991



best-selling adult video title in America (need we say more). *New Wave Hookers II* offers a new dimension in kinky sex that is so hot and raw that it explodes with volcanic eroticism. In fact all the action is powerfully supported by the futuristic storyline that expands



rather than inhibits the scope of erotic viewing. No adult video library would be complete without it – so we have kept the price down to **\$39.95.**



**THIS MONTH'S
NEW X-RATED
RELEASE**

To Order: CALL OUR HOTLINE ANYTIME.

Free call 008 80 2320 or make use of the postage-paid tear-out order card in this magazine.

NIGHTLIFE

jupiter's

casino blues

continued from page 104

his winnings always exceed his losses.

By midday the Conrad Hotel cleaning staff have finally annoyed me enough to check out. There's an envelope under the door — a message from Mr Mansfield. "Had an amazing run last night after you left — up \$7000. Probably still be here when you leave."

A quick wander around the gaming tables finds Mike surrounded by women and still talking his cocky one-liners and childlike descriptions of the cards.

He's been playing now for 28 hours and although his eyes are bloodshot and his hair a bit flat, he's made \$8500 tax free and winning never felt so good.

"It's not exactly a good time," he says

as the cards get shuffled, "but we have our fun when we walk out of the place."

He gets edgy again as the dealer takes her time on the shuffle. In Atlantic City and Sri Lanka there are card shuffling machines to make the game go faster. The fastest games are in Nevada because the casinos use a single pack dealt by hand. Nevada should be a card-counter's Nirvana, but the dealers can reshuffle whenever they wish and if counters are still beating the system the house can bring in a "mechanic" who won't let anybody win, says Mike.

The Asian woman card counter sits in for two hands, but the shitty bloke suffering bad omens insists on back-betting her so she gets up and goes elsewhere.

Mike's betting two boxes; his coterie of female fans bet their own boxes as well as behind Mike.

Mike has taken an hour-long break from counting and is playing basic strategy, but because he's on a "hot" table, the cards keep falling for him.

He wants a cigarette, and asks one of the more attractive women for an Alpine. She has stopped playing because she's lost most of her money and doesn't want to bet the rent. Mike offers her a \$5 chip for the smoke, but she tells him not to be silly.

"Wasn't being silly, love," he says turning back to the game. "This one's for

you," and he opens a third box with a \$25 minimum bet.

The woman seems embarrassed by the gesture, but she needn't have been. Twenty minutes later, the woman's initial bet is worth \$100. "Never know who you'll lend a smoke to, do ya love?" he says with a wink as he drops a fistful of chips into her hand.

The woman's embarrassment turns to laughter and it's obvious that Mike could have some close-range female company in the near future if that's what he wanted. But Mike's already turned back to the game, yelling for his cards, doubling down and trebling his bets where he sees fit. He sips madly on iced water, stands up, sits down, squirms, all the time driving his finger into the baize for a hit or holding his hand flat over his chips for a sit.

It's a scene that is neither glamorous nor exciting — a man who plays because he wins and wins because he can. But for every Mike Mansfield who cashes out and walks away with a smile, there are thousands who bet the rent and fall apart at the seams.

As I make to leave, another pasty-faced loser sits at the table and drops \$200 in five minutes. He buries his face in his sweaty hands, but he gets no sympathy from the man in his 29th hour at the tables. Because in the mad, mad world of Mike Mansfield, this is just how life is — gamblers lose and players win. 

This is not a wig or transplant, it is not fusion or hair tying, nor is it the result of creams or lotions.

The stunning transformation you can see is the result of the NIDO System of artificial hair implantation. In just under 5 hours 2000 strands of colour matched, artificial hair were implanted and a very satisfied client walked out of our clinic.

The NIDO System has been successfully used in Japan and Europe for more than 20 years. And there are presently 50 NIDO clinics operating in more than 20 countries around the world.

More than 100,000 people have taken the NIDO solution to the age old problem of hair loss.

NIDO is unique and the only clinic in Australia providing artificial hair implants. While there are several imitations available overseas, none of them can claim the consistent success of NIDO. For further information complete the attached coupon or phone for an appointment.

Nido

MELBOURNE Seventh Floor 131 Queen St. Melbourne 3000 PH: (03) 670 6310	SYDNEY Level 8 36 Carrington St. Sydney 2000 PH: (02) 299 3366	BRISBANE Ground Floor 193 Wickham Tce. Brisbane 4000 PH: (07) 831 3225	PERTH 30 Ord Street, West Perth 6005 PH: (09) 321 1110
---	---	---	---



I am interested in the NIDO System of artificial hair replacement. Please send me further information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P/CODE _____

TELEPHONE (BUS.) _____

PRIVATE _____

BLACK LABEL

lingerie

BUYER'S GUIDE

Once upon a time it was considered essential for women to have miniscule waists. So they wore whalebone corsets which had to be laced up by strong helpers. To further emphasise the smallness of her waist, a woman wore a full skirt bushed out by voluminous petticoats. Under the petticoats she wore long woollen bloomers.

By the middle of this century the bloomers, had shrunk away and had all but vanished. Stockings had turned silky and sheer, but suspender belts were still a necessity. Whalebone had moved upwards into brassieres, and was then replaced by wire.

Corsets had metamorphosed into the dreaded "foundation garment" made of something resembling surgical elastic, into which middle-aged women crammed their sagging flesh in an attempt to look slim again. Petticoats had thinned out to become "slips" which tended to do just that.

A lot of this gear may have helped women fit the shape of the times, but it wasn't much fun to wear.

Fortunately all that's changed now. If women have become liberated in mind and body over the past 20 years, then lingerie has become liberated along with them. Underwear is no longer a socially compulsory necessity; women can wear what they want. And what they want is soft, sensuous, sexy lingerie that looks good and doesn't scratch. Lingerie may still serve practical purposes, but it has also moved into the realms of fantasy and indulgence. And any woman — any woman — who's wearing an expensive silk secret under her work clothes is going to feel a little bit more feminine and a lot more sexy.

Which is where men come into it. Because through the ages, men have loved looking at lingerie — and touching it and imagining what lies beneath it. Men dream long and hard about women in black lace or tantalising lycra. And

a Nineties woman who steps out of her overalls to reveal a sexy set of lingerie, rather than saggy cotton briefs, is stepping into male fantasy land, and she knows it. Some women use it to tease, some to excite, but all women know that lingerie worn just so is a very strong statement of sexuality. And only a bloke who'd gone blind could miss *that* sort of message.

So what we've decided, here at *Penthouse*, is that if men like looking at lingerie, and women like wearing it, we'd like to do something positive about it. We've decided to make available to readers, on a regular basis, a range of exceptional Black Label lingerie designed exclusively for *Australian Penthouse*. On the following pages you'll find the first Black Label selection — lingerie that the ladies of yesteryear would have killed for. It's Australian-made, reasonably priced, and it's available by mail order in a variety of colours and sizes. **So gaze and enjoy, and then turn to page 116 for mail-order details.**



**MICHELLE**

Isabelle models the highly seductive bodysuit "Michelle." It's made of fine imported lace and sheer-stretch nylon. The suit is highlighted by a G-string and an underwire bra which will fit a B to C cup. It comes in either small, medium or large. Available in black or white.

K001 \$65.00

Also available in full-brief bodysuit in sizes from 10 to 16. Fits B to C cup.

K002 \$69.00

CHER

A delicate stretch-lycra bodysuit with sheer-front insert and a plunging full-back. It's available in basic black and comes in sizes small, medium or large.

V001 \$49.00

**CASSIE**

Isabelle wears the naughty-but-nice "Cassie" camisole, made of silk-satin with imported lace trim. The straps are adjustable and it comes in either black, white or peach. Available in sizes from 10 to 16.

S001 \$65.00

Also modelled by Isabelle, is a pair of erotic imported lace, silk-satin and lycra high-cut briefs. They come in basic black, white or peach. Available in sizes 10 to 16.

S002 \$32.00

The "Cassie" range includes an enticing underwire bra available in A to D cups.

S003 \$50.00

A high-cut G-string in sizes small, medium or large.

S004 \$30.00

And a suspender belt in sizes for the small medium or large woman.

S005 \$36.00

4

MARL

Madonna, Pet Of The Month for June, models a cool cotton stretch-lace underwire bustiere with hook-and-eye closure and adjustable straps.

The tantalizing bustiere comes in a soft, sensual grey. Available in sizes 10 to 16 and available in A to D cups.

C001 \$49.00

The Marl bustiere can be combined with a cotton stretch-lace high-cut G-string to give that overall "look."

Comes in grey as well, and available in either small, medium or large.

C002 \$18.00

Also available in the "Marl" range is the high-cut brief in sizes from 10 to 16.

C003 \$20.00

A G-string bodysuit in sizes small, medium or large

C004 \$51.00

And a full-brief underwire bodysuit in sizes 10 to 16.

C005 \$53.00

5

KITTY

This imported bodysuit comes in a classy French scalloped stretch lace and cotton lycra fabric. The bodysuit, worn here by the lovely Isabelle, is available in either black or white and small, medium or large sizes.

C010 \$61.00

The classy Kitty collection includes a bra top with hook-and-eye closure in sizes small, medium or large, and will fit a B to D cup.

C011 \$55.00

There's also a Kitty G-String available in small, medium or large.

C012 \$25.00

Briefs in sizes in sizes 10 to 16.

C013 \$28.00

And an alluring Kitty full-brief bodysuit which comes in sizes 10 to 16, and will fit a B to D cup.

C014 \$65.00

VIXEN

Isabelle relaxes in the sexy silk-satin and lace teddy with adjustable straps and lycra comfort insert which comes in red, black or white and sizes 10 to 16. A to C cups.

S010 \$95.00

6

**SPLASH**

Splash out for the woman in your life with the sensual Splash range of Black Label Lingerie. If the sexy underwire corset in stretch nylon, lace and lycra panels doesn't win her heart, then the adjustable suspenders certainly will. Available in a colour called multi-metallic and sizes 10 to 16 and will accommodate a woman with a B or C cup.

N001 \$65.00

A perfect match for the corset are the metallic stretch nylon and lace high-cut full-briefs, also available in the same colour as the corset and sizes 10 to 16.

N002 \$24.00

The flashy Splash "look" also includes a bra in sizes 10 to 16. To fit a B to C cup.

N003 \$49.00

And the high-cut G-string in either small, medium or large.

N004 \$20.00

And an eye-catching metallic stretch-nylon, underwire, high-cut bodysuit in the same sizes as the G-String. It'll fit a B or C cup.

N005 \$51.00

**VIXEN**

Madonna keeps cool in this silk-satin and lace camisole with adjustable straps, available in red, black or white and sizes 10 to 16.

S011 \$70.00

Madonna's French knickers are also in silk-satin and lace, and are available in sizes 10 to 16.

S012 \$49.00

The "Vixen" range includes:

An underwire bra in sizes 10 to 16, available in A to D cups.

S013 \$57.00

A suspender belt in sizes small, medium or large.

S014 \$32.00

**VICKI**

Sometimes the simple things are the sexiest, as *Penthouse* Pet Isabelle shows in her stretch-lace, G-string bodysuit, available in black or white, small, medium or large sizes and it'll fit a B to C cup.

Q001 \$49.00

The Vicki range also includes a full-brief bodysuit in sizes from 10 to 16. It'll also accommodate a B to C cup.

Q002 \$53.00

BLACK LABEL
lingerie

BLACK LABEL LINGERIE ORDER FORM

Simply indicate the Item No. (as shown beside product description) and any other details applicable.

MAIL
Your order form to:
Penthouse Merchandising
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062

FAX
Your order form:
(02) 957 3632
24 hours a day

PHONE
Call our Product Line for credit card orders.
Have your details ready. Sydney 922 7179 or
tollfree elsewhere in Australia: 008 227 236.
9am- 5pm Monday to Friday EST

ITEM NO.	QTY	DESCRIPTION	COLOUR	SIZE	PRICE EACH (Inc delivery as shown below)	TOTAL VALUE

\$8.00 per item for postage and handling

READERS DETAILS (Please Print clearly)

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Delivery address: _____

Postcode: _____

Telephone contact No. for delivery: _____

Payment details: I enclose a cheque/money or for \$A _____

Or charge my ☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Card number:

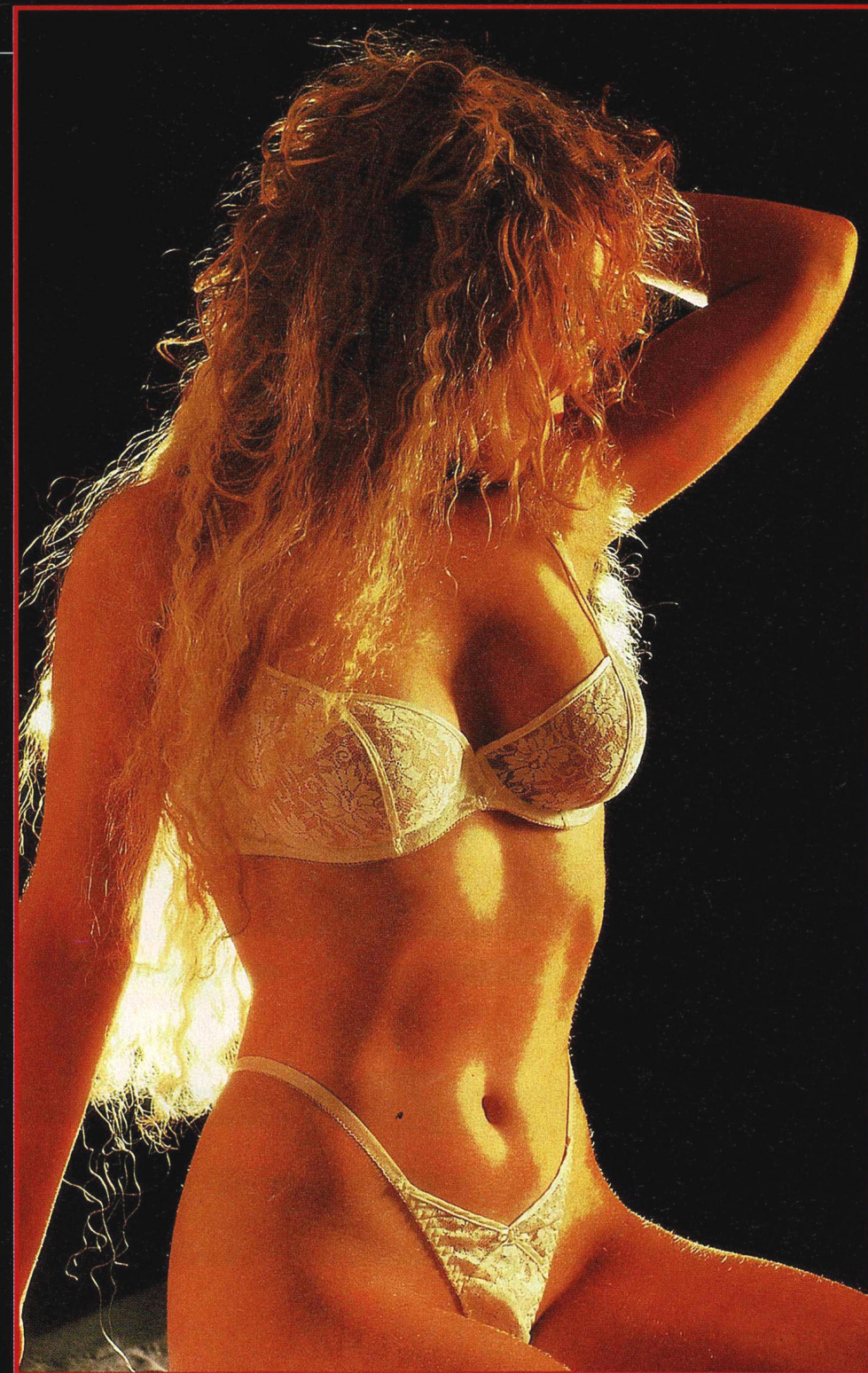
Cardholders Name: _____ Expiry date: _____

Signature: _____

READER PURCHASE CONDITIONS

Australian Penthouse has developed this range of products as an exclusive service to readers and makes every effort to select quality merchandise. However Australian Penthouse cannot accept responsibility for the items purchased other than as required by law, in the circumstances of any particular transaction. INQUIRIES: the Product Line is ready to help you. If you have any inquiries about merchandise, please contact the Penthouse Product Line 008 227236 or (02) 922 7179 between 9am and 5pm Monday to Friday. We will pass inquiries on to the supplier and advise you on the correct course of action. Although the supplier is responsible for defective goods, we will, of course, assist should you encounter difficulties with any merchandise ordered in these pages. Each product incurs a separate delivery charge, and should be added to the purchase price. Please note that products you order may arrive at different times. Delivery prices refer to mainland Australia only.

Please call the Product Line for all other destinations. Every effort has been made by Australian Penthouse to ensure that all details are correct at time of printing. However, we cannot be responsible for specifications subject to change without notice. Most items are dispatched within the week and should be received within 28 days, unless otherwise noted. Occasional delays are unavoidable, but we would notify you as soon as possible. All products are available while stocks last. RETURNS: unwanted merchandise will not be accepted if the merchandise has been used. Returned products will be accepted only if they are sent back to us in the condition and with the packaging in which you received them. We cannot accept returned products which have been damaged or misused after you receive them. Please send returns, with the Return Slip enclosed with the product. Goods should be returned in the same manner they are delivered and will be accepted only if the merchandise has been damaged in transit or is defective and must be returned within 14 days of receipt. Lingerie may only be exchanged for a more suitable size.



enter the
Gateway Club
Night and Day

474 Parramatta Rd Petersham Sydney • Private Rear Entrance • Parking in Queen St
Credit Cards Accepted • Escorts Available • (02) 560 8129 • 568 3597



WIN
A BALI SUNSET
ESCAPE FOR TWO
 SUBSCRIBE NOW AND YOU ARE IN WITH A
 CHANCE TO WIN THIS GREAT HOLIDAY IN BALI

Simply subscribe or extend your subscription to the Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse and you will have the chance to spend eight sun-filled days and six fun-filled nights in tropical Bali, courtesy of **BALI DYNASTY HOTEL**.

In addition to a chance to win this great holiday prize, a subscription to Black Label will give you so much more value for your dollar:

- ★ Save up to \$22.80 on the newsstand price
- ★ 16 extra explicit pictorial pages
- ★ Exclusive "couples pictorials"
- ★ X-rated Video Club access
- ★ Additional Forum letters
- ★ Includes free discreet delivery

**CALL OUR
 SUBSCRIPTION LINE
 NOW FOR CREDIT CARD
 ORDERS**

**Sydney: (02) 922 7179
 Elsewhere in Australia:
 008 227 236**

(Mon to Fri 9am - 5pm EST)

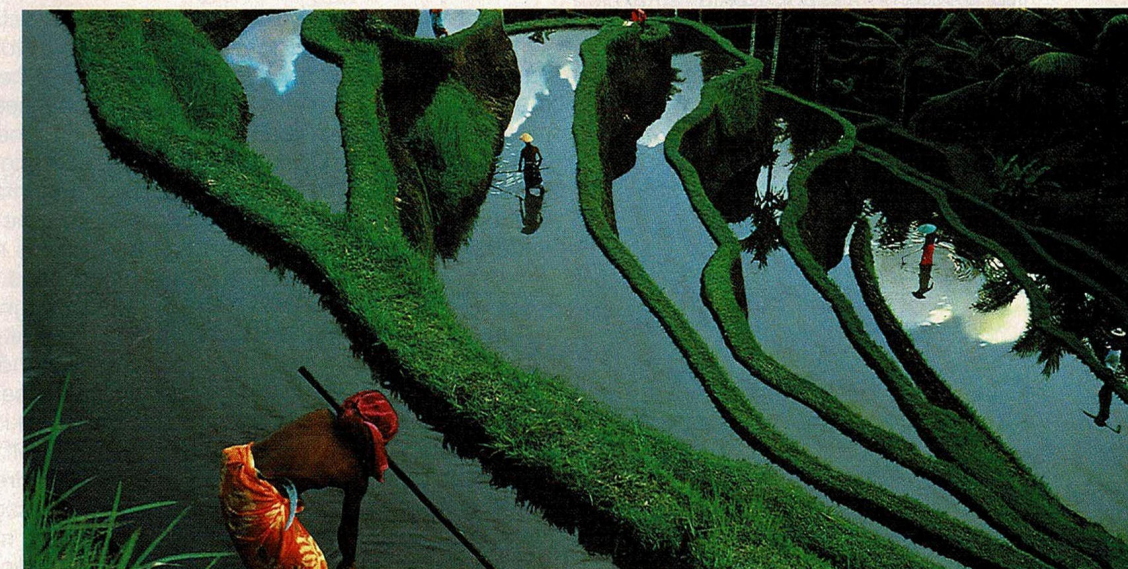
Or Fax: (02) 957 3632

Anytime



BALI DYNASTY HOTEL

Imagine the reaction of your friends when you jet off for a week of adventure, staying in four-star luxury, at the Bali Dynasty hotel, part of the Shangri-La hotel group, located at Kuta South. It's only 15 minutes walk from the hustle and bustle of Kuta village, yet situated in a calm, relaxing, recently developed location.



Or mail this coupon to: **REPLY PAID 1 Australian Penthouse, P.O. Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062**

YES, please enter me into the **BALI HOLIDAY COMPETITION**. I hereby subscribe to the **BLACK LABEL** edition for ☐ **A\$74*** (NZ A\$100) for 12 issues ☐ **\$144** (NZ A\$190) for 24 issues

Name: _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address: _____ P/Code: _____

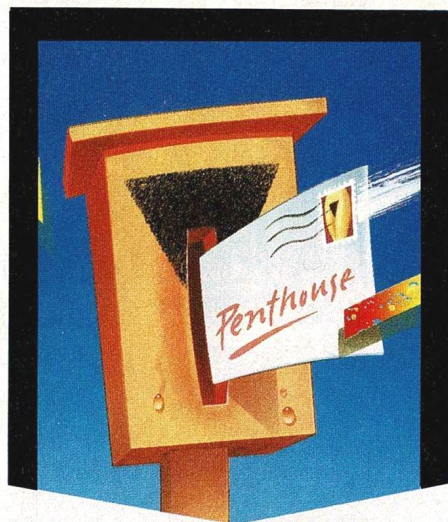
Payment details: I enclose a cheque/money order for A\$ _____

Or charge my ☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express

 Exp Date /

Cardholder's Name: _____ X Signature: _____
*Offer applicable to persons over 18 years of age. Includes postage & handling. N.Z. Air Mail A\$150

STC 825



forum

continued from page 8

shooting. With just my underpants on, I took the camera off Janice and informed her it was her turn. As I loaded a new roll, Janice removed her top. I started to shoot again. "Show me your arse," I said. Janice turned around, exposing her lovely rump.

"Off with the skirt," I said. Janice dropped her skirt and began to pose like a *Penthouse* centrefold. She lay down and opened her legs, then swung herself around on to all fours.

"All right, let's see your cock," Janice commanded. I handed her the camera and removed my underpants. Janice started to fire shots of my erect prick. We were both so hot, yet it was so exciting postponing what we both wanted.

Finally, Janice was photographing my very erect cock when she could take no more. Slowly she put the camera down and said: "Eat me."

I manoeuvred under her, my face only inches from her shaved slit. Then she lowered herself on to my eager tongue.

As I sampled her wetness, I reached up and massaged her breasts. She continued to moan instructions as she ground herself on my face. Pausing, I asked her if she would like some more. She said that would be great, but first she had another plan. As she spoke she began to massage her magnificent breasts. She pushed them together, lay on her back and instructed me to insert my rod between them.

We stared into each other's eyes as I pumped her chest. I could feel the pressure building and told her so. She said that was good and then leaned her head forward, her mouth open. My next upstroke bumped her lips and the next went over her tongue.

Leaning forward, I slowly eased my rod down her throat. She held my arse with one hand and my cock with the other, slowly guiding me in and out of her willing lips. My balls were gently brushing her nipples, which drove us both crazy. She continued to guide me quicker and quicker.

When I told her that I was going to come, she withdrew my shaft from her mouth and said: "I want you in my mouth, I want to drain you dry." I almost lost it right there but managed to get back between her lips before exploding. She did as she said she would.

Afterwards, I collapsed on to her.

We held each other until she gave me a big smile and said: "Okay, I'm ready for a real photo session."

I haven't seen Janice since she left the company, but I've still got the photos to remember her by. — *Name and address withheld*

War

Some time ago, when I was a young girl fresh out of Uni, I lived in a large, run-down house with six other people, mostly guys. We'd all been to uni together and had been sharing on and off for a few years. But when Bo decided to head off to Europe for a while, a new guy moved in whom I hadn't met before.

His name was Ernest, and he arrived with a small bag and a basket of live chooks. He was tall and lean with spiky blond hair and a little devil's plait down the back of his neck. He was also arrogant as all getout, and I had decided by the first evening that I was going to have to exercise diplomacy because he got up my nose so badly.

For a couple of months I steered as clear of him as I could. But I couldn't avoid him all the time, especially when we were all sitting around the fire getting stoned in winter. At times like those, he would make a game of baiting me, persisting until I became utterly pissed off. I told him on more than one occasion that he was an arrogant moron. He just laughed.

One weekend the boys had gone fishing and Ernest had gone up the mountains with some tart he'd picked up the week before. I was on my own in the house, and by Sunday arvo I was bored. I had the fire going in the lounge room and I'd had a few joints, and it wasn't long before I began to feel horny. I prowled off to find some massage oil, returned to the fireside and kicked off my jeans. I positioned myself so that I could feel the heat of the fire on my thighs, and began to massage the oil into my body, starting with my nipples. When those were standing up and talking to me, I moved on down my stomach to the inside of my thighs, where the oil glowed in the firelight. Then I began to give my clit some intricate attention.

I was feeling very, very good. I shut my eyes and let my head fall back as my body sang to me. I was drifting along, keeping a nice pace and letting it all build up very slowly, when somebody said behind me: "Why don't you let me do that for you?"

I snapped up into a squat and swung around, embarrassed as hell and angry, too. I got even angrier when I saw Ernest standing there.

"What are you doing sneaking around like that?" I hissed at him.

"I came home early."

"Obviously. So why don't you do me a favour and just fuck OFF."

"I'd rather fuck you."

The way he was looking at me, for just a microsecond, it seemed like a good idea. But I wasn't going to let him get away with it that easily.

"Would you really," I snapped. "Great. I was doing just fine on my own, thanks." I reached for my jeans, but Ernest grabbed them first and held them out of my reach.

"I'm serious," he said. "I've been into you since I first moved in, but it seems you don't want to know me."

There was a sizable bulge in Ernest's Levis which I wish I hadn't noticed, because it made me feel horny all over again. The fire was warm and he was sexy and he had a strong, beautiful neck and I like that.

"Lie back down and I'll show you," he said.

Publish and be damned, say I. I lay back down and before I could blink he had buried his face between my legs. He looked up at me and I made a face at him just to let him know that this was okay, but it was temporary and he hadn't won any major points. Yet.

He responded by withholding his tongue.

"No, no, don't stop!" I said without meaning to.

"You don't really want me," he said. His breath was hot on my skin and his lips brushed my clit ever so lightly as he spoke. "Maybe I'll just leave you to do it yourself, after all."

"No, no, don't, why are you so mean?"

Ernest laughed and got back to business. Then he stood up and started walking out of the room.

"Hey," I yelled, "what are you doing?"

"That's it, isn't it? That's all you wanted. So you got it."

"No, no, don't go, I want to — I mean, don't you want to carry on?"

"You mean fuck?" He was grinning all over his face.

"Yeah."

"You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes. Aw, c'mon, Ernest, stop pissing around."

"How much do you want me?"

"Incredibly much."

"And how do you want me to fuck you?"

"Hard."

Ernest walked back into the firelight and peeled off his jumper and T-shirt, revealing tautly muscled shoulders and a hard, flat stomach. I knelt up and undid his belt and zip.

"Keen, huh?" he teased.

"Just get your jeans off, mate."

He slipped his jeans and jocks down to his boots, allowing his cock, which was big and straight and standing up hard, to spring free. I didn't waste a

minute, in case he decided to try another departure trick. I ran my fingertips up the inside of his thighs and lightly along the length of his cock. Then I grasped it in one hand and ran my tongue once over the head and blew on it.

"You want me to go on?" I asked him, letting my lips brush the very tip of his dick as I spoke.

"Shit, yes," he groaned.

"How badly do you ...?"

Ernest ran his fingers into my hair and gently pushed my head downwards. "Very badly," he said.

I let my lips creep very slowly over the smooth skin of his cock-head, licking around the eye as I went. Then I pulled back. He groaned, and his fingers tightened on my head. I did it again, just to the edge, then stopped. Then I slid as much of him into my mouth as I could, and began to suck while massaging his length with my lips and tongue, keeping the lower part of his dick warm with a helping hand when I was busy at the head. With my other hand I stroked his balls, which were tightening by the minute.

Ernest's stomach grew harder and more tense the longer I worked, and he moved his hips in time to my rhythm. His dick seemed to swell and his breathing grew ragged. With my free hand I sought the oil I had been using earlier, and managed to squeeze some over my fingers. I stroked his balls again, as I didn't want him to know what I was going to do.

When I felt his balls beginning to contract, I whipped my hand behind him and slipped a finger into his arse just up to the second knuckle. He gasped and tried to pull away, but I kept it there, massaging him gently. That did it. He came like a comet, shooting hot, sharp-tasting bursts of come down my throat. I held him in my mouth until he started to go limp, and then released him.

When he looked down at me after that, there was no more war. He knelt down in front of me and for the first time, he kissed me. Kissed me long and hard with his tongue deep in my mouth and his hands roaming all over my back.

I wanted to fuck. More to the point, I wanted to fuck *him*. Or him to fuck me. Whatever. I let my hand drift down to his cock and to my delight, found it hard again.

"Fuck me, Ern."

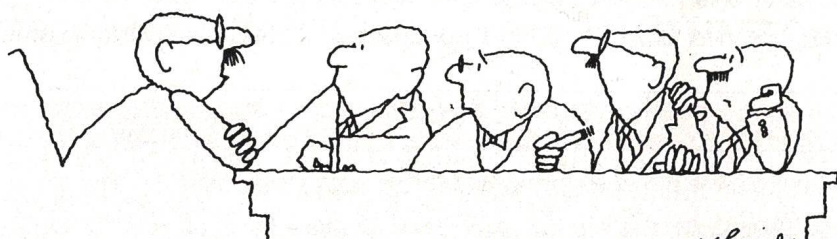
"How badly do you want ...?"

"More than anything!"

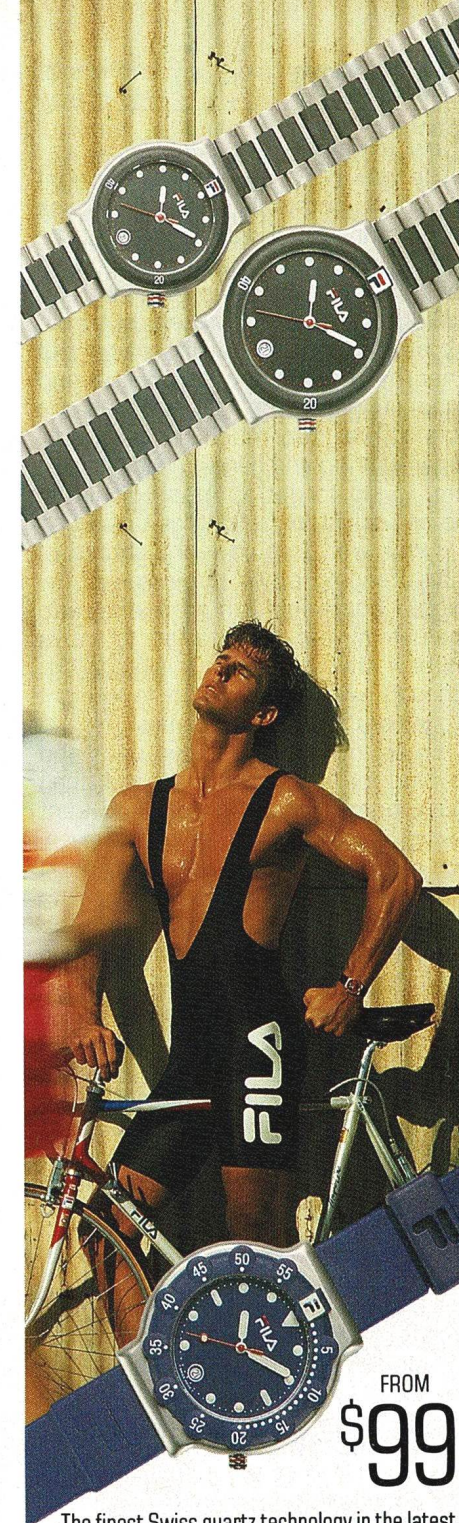
"Turn over."

There are times when a girl doesn't argue. I got down on my hands and knees facing the fire. I could feel the heat of the glowing coals on my face, and, much more exciting, the head of Ernest's cock nudging around the edge

COUNCIL OF ECONOMIC ADVISORS



"Gold and oil fluctuate too much. Let's tie the dollar to the value of a blowjob."



The finest Swiss quartz technology in the latest Italian styles.

Fila ladies and mens sports watches come with a fibreglass reinforced case, are water resistant to 100 feet and sport a calendar and second hand.

Available from selected Angus & Coote and Dunklings stores and Myer, Bourke Street, Melbourne.

Distributors: FJ Benjamin & Sons Pty Ltd.
Enquiries: Tel (02) 281 2700.

FILA



DUNKLINGS
FAMILY JEWELLERS SINCE 1895

ANGUS & COOTE
FAMILY JEWELLERS SINCE 1895

forum

of my extremely wet cunt.

He was big, and he filled me right up. It felt incredible. He pulled back until just the head was lingering at the edge of my tunnel, then slowly pushed back in until he was up to his balls. I could hardly control myself, but I did my best to let him set the pace. But when he brought a hand around and began fingering my clit at the same time, it was too much for me and I began writhing and grinding back against him, trying to get as much of him in me as I could for as long as I could.

I was wet. I could feel a thread of juice creeping down the inside of my thigh. I could feel Ern's breath warm against my ear. He started to move faster, still controlling everything, although I was getting close to losing it altogether. "Harder," I groaned.

Ernest obliged. He pulled back and hovered for an agonising second, then drove home hard and hot. And kept driving, breathing hard, giving me every inch of himself with maximum impact. I had to dig my hands into the carpet to stop myself from bumping forward too close to the fire. Waves of heat began moving through my body, and I began to feel the way I reckon Krakatoa felt just before it blew itself right up into the sky.

Ern's rhythm became jumpy, but he hung in there. He licked his fingers and carried on stroking my clit, which made me crazy. I threw my head back, saw his ear at a tactical angle and slid my

tongue inside his warm ear.

With a deep groan, Ern slammed into me and came like thunder. I could feel the sudden heat as his come flooded my box. I came a split-second after him, crying out aloud and grinding back against him, with white light flashing behind my eyes.

It took a while to wind down. Ernest hugged me fiercely and kissed my neck. The fire was hot on my nipples, and there was peace in my head.

"Got a cigarette?" I asked him.

"How badly do you want one?"

"Grr."

He lit two and handed me one. I puffed happily.

"Of course, that was only temporary," I said.

"Sure. Wouldn't think of doing it again."

"Hell, no."

"Where'd you learn that trick?"

"Oh, you know, around the traps."

"Well, don't get excited. We're not going to be lovers or anything like that."

"Nah. Wouldn't dream of it."

I even got to like his chooks. But that took a little longer. — *Name and address withheld*

Dream lover

About a month into a seemingly endless construction job something happened which I have to share. I am an average single guy who one day decided to totally transform what was jokingly referred to as a "back yard."

A summer Sunday evening after a hard day's work on the renovations, the guys (all unpaid workers) and I were

relaxing on the decking having a few beers and a smoke. True to recent form we had visitors — a mate's girlfriend, a couple and an ex-lover, Mary, who hadn't been over for several months and couldn't believe the massive construction taking place.

Mary quickly blended into the excitement-charged atmosphere and started partying. Four hours later we all moved inside and started watching a video — the Sambucca and joints were flowing freely. It became more and more apparent that the horniness level was rising. A couple of guys left, and I began hoping for a six-some in anticipation of some naked pool games. Unfortunately the two remaining couples who had a sure thing looked at each other shortly after and appeared to have telepathically agreed to go home and fuck each other senseless. That left me and Mary alone in the house.

But about ten minutes later Mary asked if I minded her crashing on the lounge. Taking the hint, I murmured a disappointed approval. A few minutes later I grabbed a pillow and blanket, planted a peck on her cheek and said goodnight.

Without exaggerating, an hour or so had passed where we were talking and laughing from separate rooms. I had been lying in bed with a fat the whole time, wondering if I should just wank myself and be done with it. When the conversation died, I started to drift off, dick in hand.

Some time later, I don't know when, I felt a soft breath and a cool breeze on my cock. I stirred but must still have been asleep. Next, I felt my eight-inch cock growing harder. I was still asleep and possibly dreaming that this was happening, but I felt a tongue lick the top of my cock and slowly engulf me.

She gently gripped my cock with her long, lean fingers and pumped and sucked. I could feel my muscles flexing and contracting and I stretched my legs and moaned deeply. This midnight blow was exquisite. It didn't take long and within a minute I felt myself spraying a jet of come into her mouth. She began to relax her hold on me and gently licked my cock clean and it was over.

In the morning when I awoke, I wasn't sure whether or not to thank her as she lay sleeping on the sofa — did it happen or was I just so horny before I fell asleep that I dreamed it? I will never know — it isn't something you would discuss with your ex-lover the morning after. She stirred and woke, we had a coffee and she left thanking me for allowing her to crash the night. As she drove away, I'm sure I had a glazed expression on my face and I remember wondering whether or not it had actually happened, or whether it was just a dream. — *Name and address withheld*

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Dipsticks

I own and operate an automotive repair shop in Melbourne with a mate called John. One day a very good-looking young lady brought her car in to have some work done on it. She introduced herself as Kathy and said she was keenly interested in cars. She had the most gorgeous green eyes I had ever seen. I also couldn't help noticing her body, which sported an exemplary arse, thin waist and very firm-looking breasts.

Later that evening as I was getting ready to close the shop, she stopped back in to pick up her now-repaired vehicle. We stood in the office discussing the work when John arrived. She seemed very keen to understand what had been wrong with her car. So John and I took her over to her car and opened the bonnet. We all leaned over the engine as I dutifully explained the repairs which we had carried out. I saw John was smirking as I prodded the fuel pump. By the time I had explaining the process of internal combustion, Kathy was smirking as well. I started to describe the problem with her car when Kathy shut her eyes and started to whimper. Something was going on. I took a quick look behind as saw John's hand under Kathy's skirt.

I was so embarrassed I just went back to explaining the car. John, however, ducked down and flipped Kathy's skirt over his head.

"What does this do?" Kathy panted, pointing to the carburetor. I started to answer but stopped when Kathy scooped up a handful of grease and rubbed it over her neck and the top of her breasts. Yuck, I thought. But Kathy obviously didn't think so because as she rubbed the grease on, she was becoming more excited and pushing back harder against John's eager mouth. All I could hear was mushy, slurping sounds. Kathy grabbed my hand and guided it towards some more grease, then rubbed it over her exposed breasts.

This was hot, believe me. There was this lovely girl bent over a car bonnet, arse in the air, breasts covered in grease

and being licked out by a relative stranger. And she was loving it.

John stood up, raising Kathy's skirt in the process. He popped open his overalls and pulled out his prick. For a moment he lined up his cock and then submerged it in Kathy's mut. She bit her lip and let out an evil, guttural moan as John ploughed into her. As John pumped away, her moans became increasingly louder, until she was literally screaming. I began to worry about someone hearing us.

Still rubbing her breasts and tweaking her nipples, I pulled my cock out and began to masturbate. Kathy had her eyes shut, but when she opened them and saw my cock only inches from her mouth, she leaped for it like a woman possessed. Before I could move she had her lips clamped around my head and was pumping her hand up and down the shaft. It wasn't so much a head-job as a hand job with her mouth at the receiving end. Either way, it felt great and it shut her up.

As John increased his tempo, Kathy pumped my cock faster and faster. Even with her mouth full, she could still make a noise and a half. She started urging me on with little encouraging moans in quick succession. John had his eyes shut and was pounding into her. Finally she reduced the grasp on my cock to just her finger and thumb like an "okay"

signal and was going so fast her hand was a blur.

John grunted and his pounding became erratic. Obviously he was coming. Kathy looked up at me and as soon as my eyes met her beautiful deep-green eyes I came a gusher. Kathy let out a contented sigh as I went to ecstasy-land.

I looked down in mid-orgasm to see Kathy's lips locked around my head and her delicate hand gently sliding up and down my shaft. God, it was wonderful.

After we untangled ourselves and recovered, Kathy said she had a grease fetish and asked to have another lesson on car mechanics after dinner. John and I looked at each other. How could we refuse? — *Name and address withheld*

Legal rider

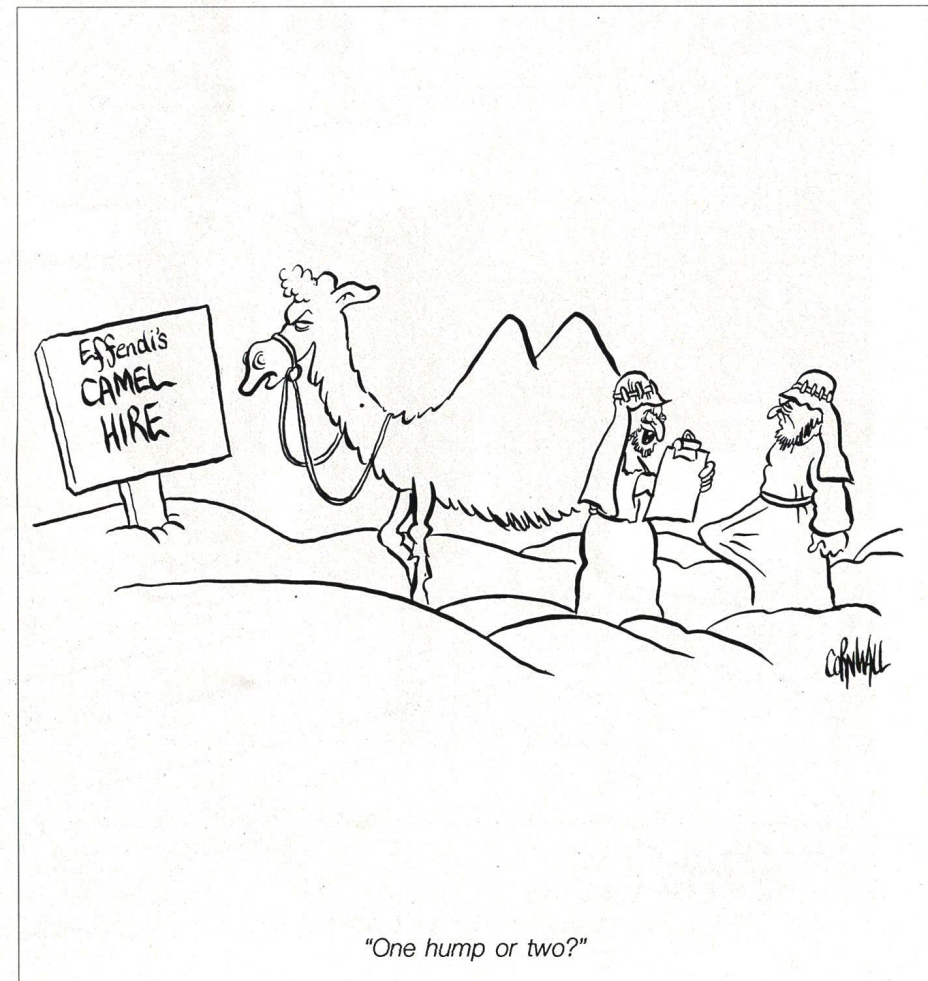
I am a lawyer at a large firm. Like most well-paid professionals, I don't live anywhere near the city and subsequently commute each day.

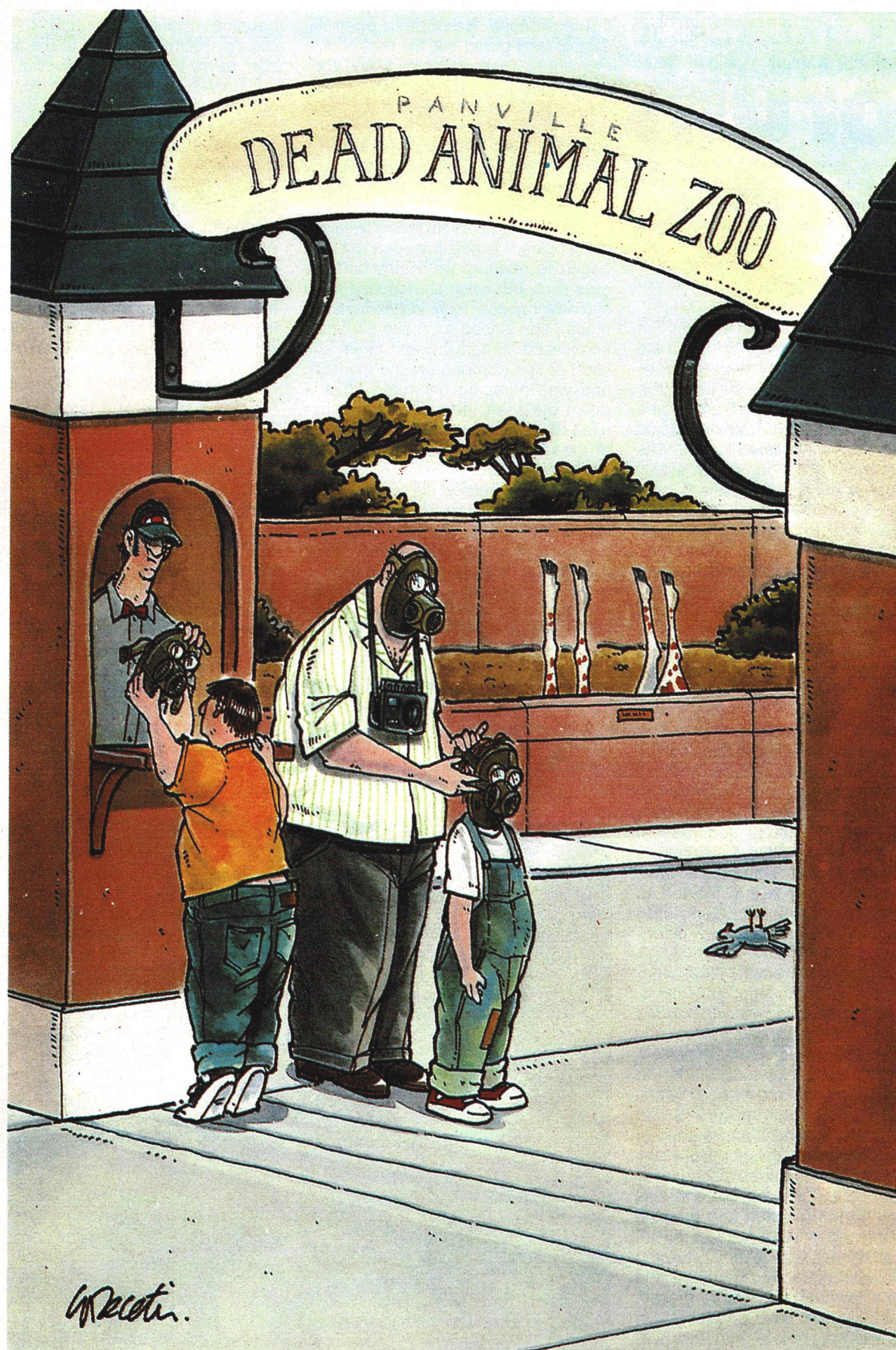
One Friday afternoon while driving home I was particularly miserable. It was super hot, smoggy and the traffic was almost at a standstill. But the worst thing of all was that it was my birthday and my best mate, Jeff, the guy I went to law school with, commute with, carouse until the wee hours with, was out of town on business.

Call me if
you can
handle
it

(02) 949 7733
8am - 2am 7 DAYS

Fantasy Hotline



BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

As I slowly paced forward in my misery, still three kilometres before my turnoff, I began to hear a lot of honking behind me. When the racket came closer, I looked into my rear-view mirror. All I could see was a motorcyclist slicing through the traffic like a knife through warm butter. But as the motorcyclist grew closer, I understood the reason for the commotion.

I could not believe my eyes. This motorcyclist was a woman, wearing knee-high black leather boots, black leather gloves and a shiny black helmet. And that was it. Not a stitch of clothing on her torso. And what a torso. As she rode by, I noticed beads of sweat rolling down her back, crossing her well-delineated tanline and disappearing between the cheeks of her arse.

Just after she passed me on my right, she changed lanes to her left and braked hard in front of me. Even at my snail's pace, I found myself gaining on her. As I drew up even with her, she motioned for me to roll down my window. Above the drone of horns and traffic, she shouted: "Follow me."

She stood up on her bike, held out her arm and we were off the highway on to the service road and racing into the hills. A few others tried to follow along but with her on her bike and me in my 300ZX we easily lost them.

She led me high above the valley and sped through the residential areas with impressive skill. We followed a deserted fire road, kicking up dirt and weeds for a few miles and it became clear to me where we were headed. We were in my neighbourhood and she was leading me to my own house.

When we got there I was filled with questions. "Who are you?" I asked but she refused to answer. As she walked toward me, she pulled off her helmet, shook out her long, silky hair, and revealed her face. At that point I should have expected it — she was gorgeous. She drew close to me, grabbed my waist, paused for a second, then plunged her tongue into my gaping mouth. I passionately kissed this hot sweaty, naked sex goddess for about ten seconds on my front lawn in broad daylight before she pulled away and said: "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

We proceeded into the house and directly into the bedroom. Before I could

get down to business she whispered: "John, I am very hot and very dirty, and I think we need to take a shower." She grabbed my tie and headed toward the open bathroom door. I turned on the shower and helped her out of her boots, unveiling the longest, sexiest legs I'd ever seen. She dropped to her knees and took off my shoes and socks, belt, pants, tie and shirt and then finally my underwear. She stared straight at my stiff cock, and without touching it, said: "My, my. It's time to play."

We got under the running water, feeling it caress our hot, sweaty bodies. After she had soaped us both up, we rinsed off; then she bent down and put in the plug. When the bath was full, she turned off the water and slowly sat me down at the back of the tub. Then she knelt between my legs, looked deep into my eyes and said: "Time to go diving for treasure."

In one fell swoop, she opened her mouth, plunged her head under the water and engulfed my whole cock. I couldn't believe what I saw or what I felt. The sensation was incredible as she slowly bobbed up and down on my shaft, intermittently exposing it to the cool water.

She was underwater for at least 20 seconds before she surfaced and said: "Boy, you're really going to put me to the test, aren't you? That's okay — I

love a challenge." She took a deep breath and again swallowed me whole, wrapping her soft lips around the very base of my cock. Somehow she was able to flick her tongue around in her already crowded mouth, making it dance along the sensitive underside of my rod. This was a true work of performance art, with every bob and every flicker sending pulsations of electric ecstasy to my fingers and toes.

Up she surfaced again, this time catching her breath. "Look, John, I'm not going anywhere until you come in my mouth," she said. She gave me a big smile, grabbed hold of my hips, and dived back down. She slid up and down my pole with speed and vigour. I leaned back and closed my eyes, and my mind was flooded with thoughts of being courted by a perfect, naked sex goddess. I opened my eyes, looked down at her, and exploded.

After gulping down my come, she came up for air. We got up, towed off and drained the tub. She put on a pair of my boxers an old T-shirt, her boots and gloves and reached for her helmet. She opened the door, gave me a soft kiss on the cheek, and said: "Happy birthday." I tried to thank her but she interrupted.

"Don't thank me, thank your buddy Jeff. It's your birthday present." — Name and address withheld —



WIN WITH BLACK & DECKER

The Black & Decker cordless Drill/Driver is a handy little labourer that can recharge in one hour. Combine this with a the Black & Decker workbelt and you have a ideal kit for either the professional or the home handyman. This month, Black & Decker has six drill kits to be won by *Penthouse* readers. To enter, write the answer to the following question, your name, address and phone number on the back of an envelope and post it to: Black & Decker Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. How long does the Drill/Driver take to recharge? Entries close on Friday, October 30, 1992. Winners will be the first six correct entries drawn and their names will be published in a future edition of *Australian Penthouse*.



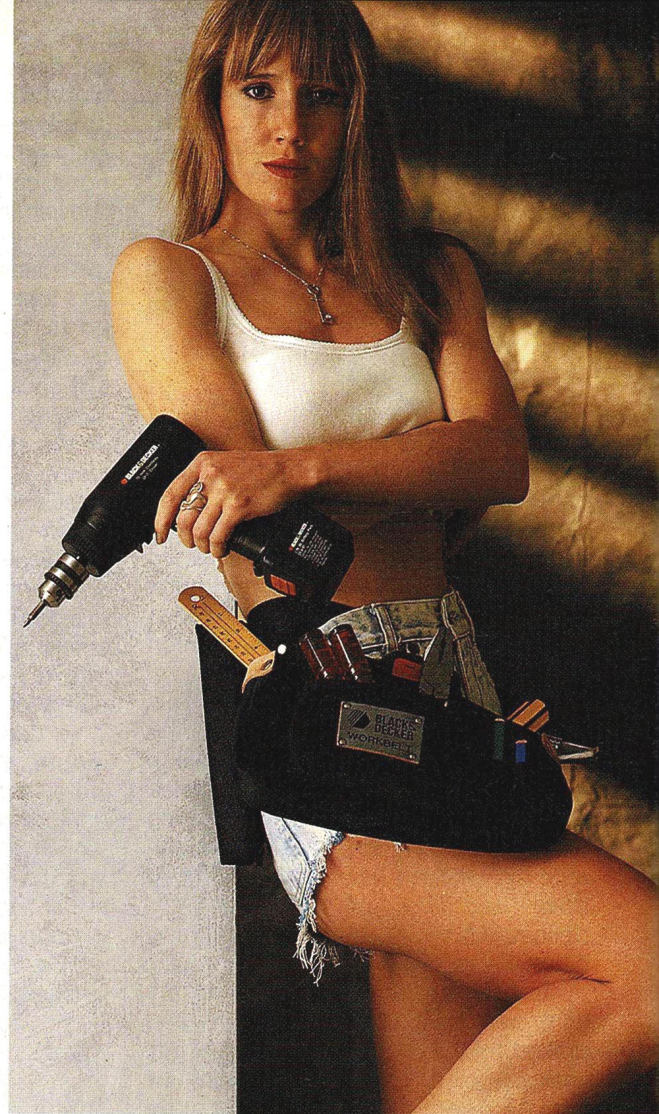
TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD

Genuine tequila gains its distinctive flavour not from the distillation process, like most spirits, but from the blue agave plant. To enjoy the unique taste of tequila, try what is arguably the simplest cocktail ever conceived — an El Toro Slammer. First put a shot of tequila in a glass with a squirt of lemonade. Then, with your hand over the glass, firmly hit it on the table and scoff the lot as it bubbles. Easy, hey?



SPORTING A NEW WATCH

Ellesse is already world-renowned for their high quality sportswear and skiwear. Following this tradition, Ellesse is introducing Ellesse sports watches to Australia and New Zealand. The watches feature safety clasp with wetsuit adjustment and are water-resistant to 200m. For stockist information phone (02) 283 1277.



SEEING THE LIGHT

Synthetic System's Mastermind machine is a "personal light/sound relaxation and mental fitness system." In essence, the system emits a flickering light and a pulsating tone. The manual purports that different rhythmic combinations of light and tone generate different states of meditation. The package retails for \$345. For more information call Australian Medical Research on (075) 924 104.



WIN WITH GILLETTE

Gillette and *Australian Penthouse* are offering readers the chance to win one of 25 Sensor — "the-best-a-man-can-get" — shaving kits valued at more than \$50. The kit contains just about everything you need for a night away from home, including a pen. To enter, write your name, address and phone number on the back of an envelope and post it to: Gillette Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. Entries close on Friday, October 30, 1992. Winners will be the first 25 entries drawn and their names will be published in an upcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

LIQUID ASSETS

Tyrell's is offering discerning drinkers a chance to acquire quality, vintage wine at a premium price. Here's how it works. You pay \$88 now for, say, the 1991 Hermitage. Then four years later you pay another \$88. In effect, you will get a case of quality wine in 1996 for \$15 a bottle when it would cost \$25 a bottle. And if you decline the option in 1996, you get your money back with interest. For more information call Tyrell's on (049) 987509



NEW HARLEY

When you own a Harley you have bought more than mere machinery, you have embraced a entire philosophy. This philosophy is reflected in the FLST/N — Harley-Davidson's new bike for 1993. The FLST/N follows Harley's commitment to a very established lineage, while responding to the demands of Harley's most valued critic — the customer. For more information call Fraser motorcycles on (02) 764 3421.

Continued from page 21

en route to a record-breaking victory in the 24 Hours of Spa-Francorchamps. Porsche was a distant second. In the US, Nissan cleaned up its fourth straight victory in the IMSA sportscar series, once a happy hunting ground for Porsche.

These very public reversals in motor sport came during a period of turmoil throughout Porsche's organisation, along with rumours of a possible buyout and rescue by Mercedes-Benz.

In February this year, Porsche AG dumped Hamiltons as its Australian importer and distributor after 41 years, creating its own subsidiary. The controversial manoeuvre was greeted with dismay from long-time Porsche clients, who'd appreciated the personal touch of Alan Hamilton. The jury is still out on whether the Germans can do it better.

Also earlier this year there was an attempt by the company's owners to unload chairman Arno Bohn in favour of BMW wunderkind, Wolfgang Reitzle. The honorary chairman of Porsche, Ferdinand Porsche, wanted a large, expensive sports coupe called the 989, Bohn pushed for a higher-volume, lower-priced sports car, the 968.

With support from Porsche's white- and blue-collar workers, who control half the seats on the supervisory board, Bohn stayed in control and got his way with the affordable sports model which is set for introduction in the mid-Nineties.

Porsche has emphasised that the upmarket 989 project is not dead, merely postponed. Top priority has been given to the development of a new, technically different sports car which will be priced below the new 968, which is the cheapest car in the Porsche catalogue — with a price tag of \$130,000 in Australia. The decision to go downmarket and tackle the Japanese opposition head-on is a refreshing change of policy by a humbler Porsche, now apparently recognising that continual retreat will ultimately lead to defeat.

In the meantime, Porsche engineers are proceeding with updates and evolutions of its current range, including revamped Carrera models in 1993. Also in the pipeline is a 4.2-litre water-cooled V8 version of the replacement for the 911.

Moves have already been made to improve efficiency at the Zuffenhausen plant, and Porsche says that today it would be a very profitable company at 30,000 annual sales. Getting back up to this number would not appear to be a simple task. — Peter McKay



Pet Of The Month, Lisa Brooks

INSIDE NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Surf Master — He's won five Australian championships and three world titles. But it's not just natural talent that has kept Queensland's ultra-fit Trevor Hendy ahead of the pack in the Uncle Toby's Ironman series. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, this extraordinary athlete shares some of the secrets of his success in the surf.

Nightlife — While Los Angeles burned in the race riots, *Penthouse* columnist Al Goldstein took to the streets of New York to report for next month's instalment of the Nightlife series. But he didn't feel safe alone, so he took American Porn Princess, Seka, along for the ride of his life. Al and Seka (known as the "Valkyrie of vice") have been friends for many years and opted for a quiet night at a couple of New York S&M bars. Find out what happened in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

The Big Stink — How do you react when your town is sold-out from under you by land developers and tourism operators? Just ask the townsfolk of Coffs Harbour on the NSW Central Coast. They put up with the bush clearances, the sprawling tourist resorts and the "un-greening" of their erstwhile beautiful town. But when their council proposed a sewage outfall that would spew directly onto a popular surf beach, the natives finally got angry and the cops were called in. Next month's *Penthouse* looks at a once-peaceful town that may have changed forever.

Pet Of The Month — Lisa Brooks is a Sydneysider with a taste for action. The 24-year-old models swimwear, works out at the gym and then goes jogging. The green-eyed brunette was in the process of moving to Surfer's Paradise, so we joined Lisa on the Gold Coast to see how she was adapting to her new home. Have a look for yourself in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE.

What makes the exciting new Suzuki Across the choice four-stroke quarter litre urban sports machine?

Maybe it's the unique weather proof lockable storage compartment that holds a full-face helmet and has a thousand other uses in a big city.

Then again, maybe there's more to it.

We think its four-cylinder liquid-cooled engine plays a big part. It makes the most

power in the class and runs smoother than anything else. We know it produces the biggest fun quotient.

It could also have to do with the physical size of the Across. This is not your "typical" 250cc machine. It's a comfortable full-size road bike with stunning big bike looks and feel.

All these things make Suzuki's radical new Across the choice of the class.

But the storage compartment makes it an open and shut case.



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.

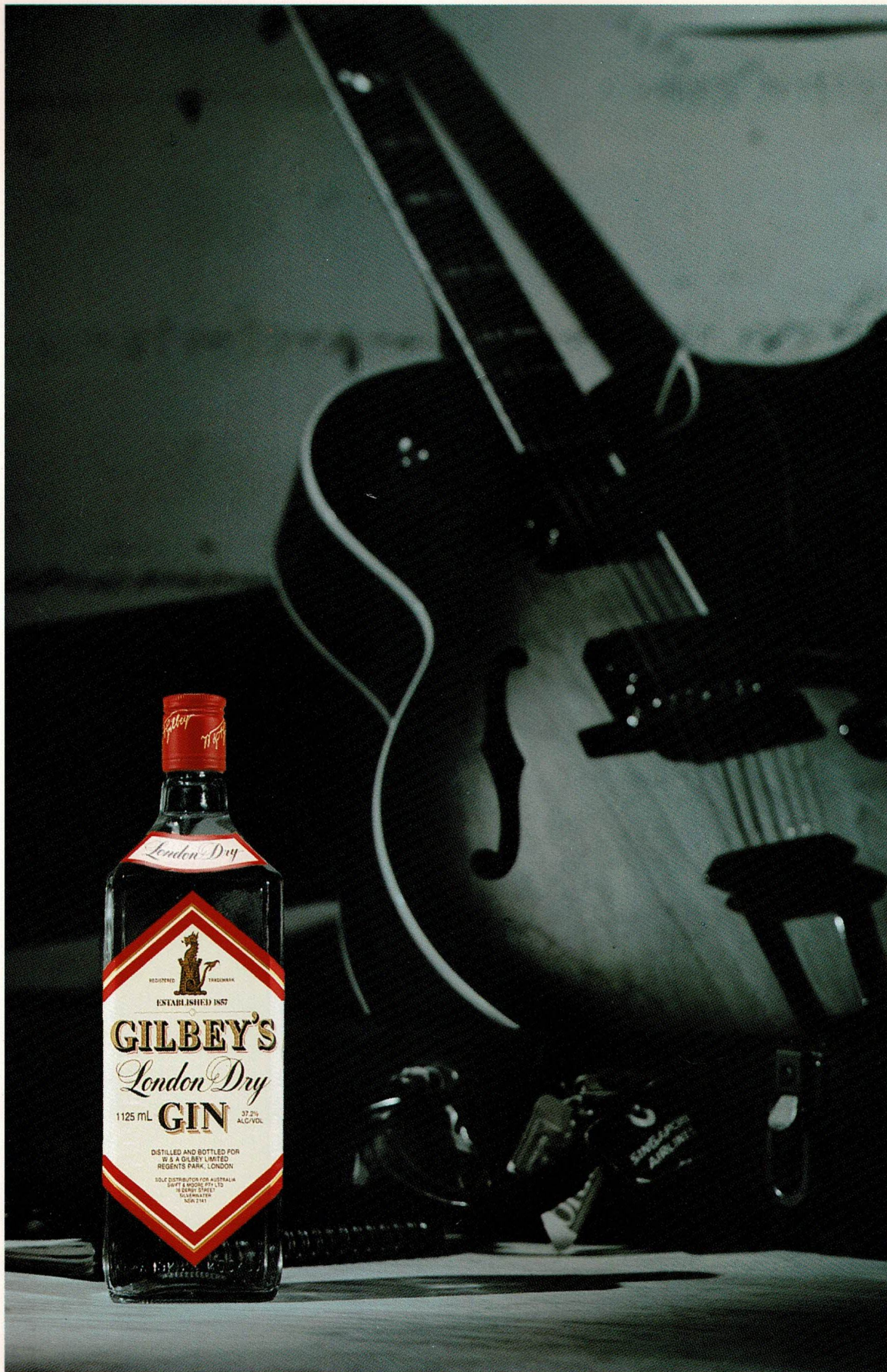
● Please read your Owner's Manual carefully ● Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing ● Enjoy riding safely.



NEW GRAPHICS
OUT NOW!

Stylish full fairing and 4-into-1 exhaust

Guitar by Larry Perkins.



Gilbey's by choice.